

COUNTRY LIFE

SUMMER & CORONATION NUMBER 1



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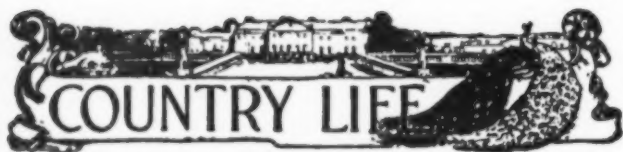
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THE Journal for all interested in
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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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PROVINCIAL TOWNS, OLD AND NEW.

DURING the past few days there have been published two illuminating documents on the subject which we have given as the title of this article. One document is represented by the dry and repellent columns of the Census figures which have just been issued; the other is the little thumbnail sketch of Bedford in the old time which has been made by Mr. Hale White. The connection between the two may not be very evident at the first glance; and yet it is only through the light of the experience of men like Mr. White that the Census figures can be understood, not as mere rows of statistics, but as chronicling in their own way the vast changes that have come over provincial life in England. Readers of Carlyle's letters may remember a passage in which he described the effect that the introduction of railways had upon the little town of Haddington, where Jane Welsh was born. The citizens all thought that the making of a station near it would give a new stimulus to manufacturing activity and increase the prosperity of the town. It had precisely the opposite effect. The railway, instead of bringing new work to the small towns of the provinces, carried the inhabitants to larger towns, where they made their purchases. And Carlyle tells how in no great time grass was growing over the main street of Haddington. There was a time when this fate seemed to hang over all the small towns out by Bedford way—Luton, Dunstable, Bedford itself, even as far as Coventry. It will all be found recorded in the Census figures of years that have gone before. The trade of this district seemed to be destroyed. The people were largely engaged in plaiting straw for hats and baskets. This industry has passed away, never to return. Yet the towns

have grown in the most extraordinary manner. Coventry at one time lived on silk. Now this has gone from it; yet the town shows the most extraordinary increase of all those that were numbered in the recent Census. It won an early fame for its bicycles, and is now a centre of the motor trade. The other towns present equally interesting examples of changing industry.

It is not our intention at the moment to discuss this question from an economic or sociological aspect, but to point out the vast difference that it has brought about in the habits and character of the inhabitants. The provincial town, as our fathers and grandfathers knew it, was curiously isolated. The people, as a rule, knew something of its history and traditions, as we may judge from the qualifying sentences with which they refer to certain towns, as Durham, celebrated for its old maids and mustard, and Peebles for pleasure. This pointed to an individuality which, to a great extent, has passed away. Every town used to have its special heroes, its memories, traditions and usages. Now the tendency is for all of them to assume the same character. Even the distinction of dialect is to a great extent lost, and there are very few places indeed in which the local patois is spoken by the educated. For this we must look mainly to the ever-shifting character of the population and to the elementary schoolmaster, who is drawn from one part of the country by his training college and sent out to another, so that, if he should retain any peculiarity of pronunciation that belonged to the place in which he was brought up, the language he teaches is sure to be a compromise between it and that of the district in which he has settled. That is perhaps a small thing. Going with it is a complete revolution in the interests of the population. We have only to read such a book as "Cranford" to see the limits within which interest used to be confined, and to realise the character of the gossip and small talk that formed the chief entertainment at the tea-parties which old-fashioned folk were accustomed to give and attend. It is symptomatic of the deeper changes that the tea-party has practically been abolished. Society in the provincial town is now closely modelled on what it is in London. The professional man or well-to-do merchant practically accepts as his own the interests which previously were confined to the metropolis.

If the provincial town be large, it no doubt possesses its own morning and evening papers, but they are, to a great extent, fac-similes of those that appear in London. They are supplied by the same news agencies, and might be described as provincial editions of the London paper with a few local notes added. But everybody who wants to keep himself abreast of what is going on in the world has his London newspaper, very likely every morning and every week. A factor equally powerful in changing and readjusting local character is the facility for travel. During the course of the year there are numerous occasions on which the provincial makes his way up to town, choosing the visits in accordance with his own predilections. We all know how a great football match produces an invasion of country visitors; and while the great agricultural shows are going on the streets are thronged with those who are engaged, directly or indirectly, in the calling of husbandry. The picture shows appeal to another class, and so in one way or another all are attracted. Moreover, they are less abiding in their characteristics. It was no unusual thing in the memory of those who are not yet elderly to find the majority of those who lived in provincial towns content to be born, to be brought up, to make their careers, to live their lives, and eventually to die, in the same place. The modern man does not regard his dwelling-place as being fixed to this extent. It used to be said of the old Wiltshire farmers that when a couple got married and went to a new holding they planted a walnut tree in order that later on they should make gunstocks of its wood. That presupposes that they reckoned to stay in the same place for at least a quarter of a century. But the three years' lease is considered a fairly long one by the provincial householder of to-day. The population is continually shifting, and thus has no opportunity of allowing its idiosyncrasies to grow. On the contrary, they are continually being supplanted with those that are brought from a distance.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece is a portrait of Her Majesty the Queen, whose birthday was celebrated on May 26th.

. It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

COUNTRY



NOTES

APPROACHING success seemed to be in the very air of Norwich on Monday, when a private view was held of the showyard prepared for the Royal Agricultural Society. Everything points to a triumph. The entry is the largest since Gloucester, and it would have been much greater had steps not been taken to keep out animals of moderate class that hitherto have been admitted. The King has done everything that a Sovereign could possibly do to show his great interest in the exhibition. Although he consented to be the President only on the assurance that his duties would be discharged by Mr. Ailwyn Fellowes, who has performed them to the admiration of everybody, and although in this Coronation year every minute of His Majesty's time is precious, he has arranged to make a personal visit to the show on June 28th. What is perhaps more to the purpose, he is himself a large exhibitor. The flocks and herds of Windsor and Sandringham will be fully represented. Justice is meted out very sternly in the show, where the judges are proud of their independence. Every loyal citizen will hope that the King will be as great a winner as his father and his grandmother used to be.

In another part of the paper some comment is made upon the Census figures. It can scarcely be said that the results of the numbering of the people are such as to engender any particular feelings of self-complacency. On the contrary, there is a shifting of the population which is distinctly uncomfortable. Strictly speaking, there has been no movement of any importance back to the land, but there has been a great migration to the outer suburbs. London is changing its character completely, and portions most thickly populated in the Victorian Era in many cases are losing their inhabitants. Nor are the general results at all satisfactory. From Scotland it is evident that emigration is draining away some of the best parts of the population. In England, a decreasing birth-rate is a cause of considerable anxiety. Ireland alone shows, not indeed a growth, but a partial stoppage of the shrinkage in population which has been a feature of the recent Censuses.

Bedford is making a rather sorry figure of itself over Bunyan's copy of "Foxe's Book of Martyrs." The natural position would be for the patriotic inhabitants of the town to band themselves together to keep within it a treasure so closely associated with the most vivid and interesting chapter in its history. But what do we find? The people of the town are eager to sell their possession, and are only restrained by the advice of the Attorney-General. Sir Rufus Isaacs, with the courtesy and caution which have always characterised him at the Bar, couched his request in the politest form; but he is of opinion that there are points that call for enquiry. It is not at all clear that the Library Committee have the power to sell the book, and the Government is taking the requisite steps to have the case thoroughly investigated. In the meantime, the committee may comfort themselves with the reflection that the book has received an advertisement such as they could not have hoped for, and which very certainly their conduct in trying to sell the book never deserved.

It was left to an old inhabitant to draw the true moral from the situation. Mr. Hale White is a bookman who has won a clear and unique position for himself as a writer. It is very curious that he should be the son of the bookseller who was the means of procuring the book for the local library. He was only a boy of ten years of age at the time, and still he remembers the excitement caused by the purchase. But then Bedford was full of old inhabitants, who regarded the history and association of their town with native and proper pride. The very isolation of a little town in those days made for all that, and every little country town had an idiosyncrasy of its own. But to-day all is changed, and in many ways for the worse. The people who live at Bedford nowadays are those who take up residence there for two or three years in order to benefit by the educational advantages. They have very little interest in the town itself, and probably very few of them would ever have heard of Bunyan's copy of "Foxe's Book of Martyrs" if the subject had not been so vigorously dealt with in the London newspapers. We can very well sympathise with the emotion that all this has roused in the mind of Mr. Hale White.

WRITING.

Black and white when the heart is light,
When the spring is young and the dream is new,
Ere the spirit faint or the body rue—
Black and white.

White and black in a goodly stack,
And a cry to Her who shall be obeyed:
"Have I made a book?"—"You have only made
White and black. . . ."

Black and white, through the days of right,
To the wasting sword and the cleansing flame;
And a prayer: "Is it only less of the same
Black and white?"

The beat of wings, and Her voice: "Behold!"
A glory, a wonder, a wild delight;
And, lo, on a page of black and white,
Gleam of gold.

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

In Sir W. S. Gilbert the Aristophanes of the nineteenth century has passed away. Just as the Greek poet shed a light of mingled ridicule and poetry over the systems and cosmogonies of his day, so Gilbert laughed at, and yet in a sense ennobled, the ideas current in his own time. Æstheticism, for instance, was merely the cult of a small and not very significant clique till "Patience" was produced; and behold, the writer of comic operas showed himself more æsthetic than the æstheticians, as the Americans used to call Mr. Oscar Wilde and his followers. The fact was that he was a true poet, who had a most singular gift of at one and the same time writing poetry and laughing at it. Such a song as "The Flowers that bloom in the Spring, Tra la," seemed to hold all the foolish threnodies about "the flower-bespangled mead" up to ridicule; yet its gaiety and charm and fine appreciation of Nature produced the very feeling that the hack poets aimed at.

Perhaps one little reminiscence of Sir W. S. Gilbert may be permitted from the present writer, who is sorry that he cannot claim any familiar acquaintance, although on one occasion he happened to have some talk with him. It naturally turned upon his method of composition, the suggestion being made that he must have found it very difficult not to make his clever witticisms pass over the heads of a modern audience. His answer was characteristic. We cannot remember the exact words, but they were to the effect that there was always in the pit a substantial, staid British citizen eating a sandwich; the man who does not look as if it were possible for him to smile or laugh. "Now," said Gilbert, "that is the man on whom I concentrate my attention. He is in my mind all the time; I address every word to him, and I am not content till I make him grin. If I succeed, the piece succeeds."

The termination to the match at Old Trafford last week, when Derbyshire defeated Lancashire by two runs, recalls an equally desperate finish between the same counties three years ago. On that occasion the game was played at Glossop in dismal weather, and was only redeemed by the cricket on the last afternoon, when Lancashire, in the fourth innings, were set to make sixty-six runs in seventy-five minutes. Although the wicket was affected by rain, this looked a simple affair; but so well did Warren bowl that a missed catch in the last over or

two alone saved Lancashire, who lost nine wickets for sixty-four. In the game last week history repeated itself to a certain point, for again Derbyshire owed their position to Warren, and again a catch was missed in the last few minutes. Then, with only three runs required, Huddleston, unfortunately for Lancashire, gave a further chance; more unfortunately still, he elected to give it to Needham, who, apart from being a first-rate sportsman, is about as iron-nerved and unemotional a cricketer in a crisis as the professional ranks contain. Needless to say, the catch was held, and Derbyshire achieved their first victory over Lancashire for sixteen years.

Some of the survivors of the English Legion that fought for Garibaldi are going to Rome this month for the jubilee celebrations of United Italy. Twenty-one remain of the six hundred and seventy-four volunteers who sailed from Harwich; and of these ten have accepted invitations from the Italians, who have not forgotten our unofficial sympathy with the patriots. The English Legion did not do very much, but its influence was useful. For some reason which has never been explained, its departure was delayed, and it reached Italy when the fighting was almost over. Within a week of its landing, however, it fought in the vineyards of Capua; and it fought again at Voltorno, where it made a bridge of boats over which Garibaldi passed to meet Victor Emmanuel.

The case in regard to the right to play golf on Mitcham Common is one of great importance in so far as concerns commons which are the subject of the Metropolitan Commons Acts. The Court has held that it is unlawful for the conservators appointed under these Acts to make regulations which, in effect give preferential rights to play games, or for other purposes, to any particular section of the public. The powers of the conservators must be limited to improving and maintaining the commons and to the making of such regulations as may be necessary to preserve proper order.

The decision does not affect the commons of the country as a whole, but as we have said, only those commons which are subject to the provisions of the Metropolitan Commons Acts. In the case of other commons, the general law prevails, and while the Lord of the Manor and the Commoners cannot enclose the commons without the consent of the Board of Agriculture, they can, if they think fit, prevent the general public from trespassing upon the commons and insist on the public using only properly defined paths and roads with which the commons may be intersected. Happily, the good feeling which prevails in most districts usually prevents any question of trespass from arising. The Lord and the Commoners do not exercise their powers in an arbitrary manner, and the public make use of the privilege of walking upon the commons in a reasonable and orderly way.

The idea of creating an artificial spate in order to put fish on the feed is not one that originated on the salmon rivers. We used to make these little spates in little burns, in order that we might delude the trout into thinking that a food supply was coming to them. The mode was simple—to block back the water at its most convenient and narrow strait, then to break down the damming obstruction suddenly and so pour a flood into the stream below. It did not last long, but while it lasted the trout were generally keen to feed. It is a mode which has now been followed, on a larger scale, on several salmon rivers—the Helmsdale may be cited as an instance—and lately, in the relative drought on the Wye, there were sent into it, from the Rhayader reservoir, a hundred and twenty-seven million gallons of water in forty-eight hours. The normal daily supply of compensation water—to make up for the abstraction of the Birmingham water supply—which is given to the Wye from this reservoir is only twenty-seven million gallons, so the increment was large, and put up the river by some five or six inches thirty miles below. But its effect on the salmon was not very noticeable. The truth is that the artificial spate thus manufactured when the river is low seldom does seem to delude the salmon, though the trout may be taken in by it.

The method of modifying the beds and shaping the banks of rivers in such a way as to make them give more pleasant accommodation to salmon is comparatively a modern one, but it is being carried into practice more and more every year, and the effect is generally good. Currents can be directed by building out crows, or piers of stone, into the river, and once they have been given their direction they will very quickly do their own excavating work on the banks. Agreeable lodging-places for the fish can be contrived by sinking cement blocks in the bed of the river. The water swirling round these deepens the bed in their immediate neighbourhood, and the fish will lie behind them.

On Wednesday the Derby, as had been generally anticipated, was won by Mr. Joel's Sunstar, the second and third being Stedfast and Royal Tender. The weather was splendid, and the many visitors who are in town just now for the purpose of being present at the Coronation had the gratification of seeing a historic race run under the most favourable conditions. The only cause for regret lay in the fact that the race was not so interesting as usual. Heavy odds were laid on the favourite, and the only element of doubt was that his breeding made many experts sceptical about his staying powers.

It appears in the light of later-acquired wisdom that we have to part with many of the illusions which pleased our childhood, and among these is certainly to be reckoned the picturesque idea of the beaver using its broad tail as a plasterer's trowel to beat down and solidify the soft mud of which it constructed its lodge. In a charming book, "Sport and Life on the North Shore," by N. Comeau, for many years guardian of the Godbout River in Canada, it is stated that neither the author, whose acquaintance with the beaver is long and close, nor any other man that he has ever met, has seen the beaver make this use of its tail. The tail is a fine swimming paddle, and the industrious beast uses it as a firm basis to sit on.

OLD SHELLOVER.

"Come!" said Old Shellover;
 "What?" says Creep.
 "The horny old gardener's fast asleep,
 The fat cock thrush
 To his nest hath gone;
 And the dew shines bright
 In the rising moon;
 Old Sallie Worm
 From her hole doth peep—
 Come!" said Old Shellover;
 "Aye," says Creep.

WALTER DE LA MARE.

Sir Norman Lockyer's letter in *The Times* on Tuesday, in which he labours to defend the proposition of the Office of Works to alienate land belonging to the Natural History Museum for the purpose of the proposed new Science Museum, would carry more conviction if it contained any evidence that he has even an elementary knowledge of the needs, present and future, of the Natural History Museum. That he does not do so is apparent from the amazing assertion that the Natural History Museum, dealing with the works of Nature, is already an old institution, and has largely completed its general collections. This, in the teeth of the deliberate statement made in the memorial, and signed by all the leading naturalists in this country and addressed to the Prime Minister, that the number of species of animals and plants, recent and extinct, which are not at present represented in the Museum is enormous.

Sir Norman Lockyer says that the Spirit Museum, which forms part of the Natural History Museum, must go, not necessarily the building, but its inflammable contents, in order to make room for the Science Museum. He does not state why the collections of the natural history specimens preserved in spirit—incomparably the richest collection of its kind in the world, consulted by students from all countries—is to make way for a Science Museum; but he should surely know that the building, owing to its special character, could not be used for any other purpose. His suggestion that a Spirit Museum could be built in two portions, east and west of the entrance in Cromwell Road, is probably not meant seriously. The utter absurdity of it is apparent to anyone at all acquainted with the technical details of the Spirit Museum, and with its special design for the purpose for which it was built.

Sir Norman Lockyer suggests that eleven acres is too much for the Natural History Museum. He may be surprised to learn that the site for the new American Museum of Natural History in New York comprises an area of nineteen acres, and that the National Museum of Natural History at Washington is built on a site with practically unlimited possibilities of extension. The fact is that the available area of South Kensington is not large enough to contain three important institutions. The Natural History Museum will require every yard of the land allocated to it by the Government delimitation of 1899, and another site must be found for the new Science Museum, which, as Sir Norman Lockyer states, should from the start increase rapidly year by year—a state of things which would very quickly lead to congestion and a recurrence of the present controversy.

THE KING AND HIS COUNTRY.



UNDER THE LOOSE AND MELANCHOLY BOUGHS.

AFTER many years it was a pleasure once more to look over the pleasant grounds of Sandringham, and it was fortunate that the visit took place in the third week of May. The air was full of preparations for two events that are to occur almost simultaneously.

First, the Coronation, which will bring a multitude of guests, for whom an army of workmen were spring-cleaning and altering. Second, the Royal Agricultural Show, causing activity among those who are responsible for the flocks and herds. Not only as King, but as the leading country gentleman of Norfolk, His Majesty is elected President, and the show is to take place at Norwich. Our temptation was great to take advantage of the facilities offered to photograph and describe the splendid animals which are to represent the

livestock of the Sandringham Estate. But the task appeared to be too prosaic for a year in which the leading event is the Coronation of King George. It seemed far more appropriate to attempt the lighter, and yet the more difficult, because the more elusive, task of trying to represent by picture and

describe in words the King's estate in its homely, everyday aspect, not as it appears when thronged with visitors or as the scene of a great function, but as it is in days of calm, when life is normal and men and women go about their daily tasks, which are as necessary to be performed on the estate of a King as upon the allotment of a peasant. Not easy is it to transfer to another the ineffaceable impression left on one's mind by an exquisite day in a May the most charming in memory. It is not possible to render adequately the



YORK COTTAGE FROM ACROSS THE LAKE.



THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.



WATER-GARDENING AT SANDRINGHAM.

absolute purity in the colour of spring flowers or the melody of bird-song. Perhaps the best way will be to tell the story simply. The reader knows, as well as the writer, the importance both on mind and body of the environment amid which our Sovereign was trained. His interests and amusements will be more apparent in the course of the narrative.

Norfolk, on the whole, is a fertile and early county. In going down by train one noticed that the hawthorn, which, near London, was only showing its earliest flower-buds, was nearly in full blossom there. Tall hedges, of which there were many, showed white on the southern side, the white of the hawthorn blossom, rich and almost grey. On the north a dark uniform green still prevailed. It was night and almost dark on our arrival, but the nightingale's passionate song throbbed in the perfumed air. The insistent songster appeared to haunt the garden overlooked by my bedroom window, and I fell asleep with the clamour of his wooing following into dreamland.

Next morning before breakfast I had a walk down the Marsh. Miss Betham Edwards, in a recently published book, tells of an occasion when she heard Christina Rossetti declare that she never once saw the sun rise. The ways of genius are its own ways, and whoever gives the world such poetry as Miss Rossetti's may well be allowed to do what she likes with her hours. The result would justify anything. But no poem she ever wrote, no poem of Shakespeare himself, is half so fine as a fine morning in May. Rather would I lose all the rest of the day than the tender grace of dawn on an English landscape. And none is more beautiful than that which the sun looks down on when it rises over a Norfolk marsh. The gorse was on that morning the dominating flower, showing like burnished copper on the distant hillock, breaking into a blaze of gold when the sunlight fell on that close at hand. The general colour is dull green, produced by the early marsh grasses. It is cut up by white, beautifully-kept roads and wide stretches of sand like bits of sea-beach, where the herbage has been trodden bare. Now it becomes apparent why in old times the place was designated Sand-Dersingham; why, too, the partridge abounds there. Above all else, it is the bird of light, sandy soil. But the whole county is alive with bird-life and, it may be added, rabbit-life. Wherever you go in the neighbourhood of Sandringham the rabbits are popping about—here on the marshes, in the pheasant coverts, in the old woods, on the golf course, on the well-kept borders of the road. You drive past and they scarcely cock their ears. You pass on foot and they skip out of your way, indeed, but in a manner to suggest that they are duly aware that in summer-time this is their sanctuary. They are not all of the ordinary rabbit colour; but some are white and some are black, and many are of the hue that suggests that, sprung from a mixed parentage of wild and tame, they are now lapsing back to the uniform of the ordinary coney. The cock pheasant, as if to proclaim himself a near relation of chanticleer, had greeted the faint advent of dawn with his raucous cry. It was the first sound heard in the morning, and the early light showed them, sober-liveried hens and gorgeous cocks, industriously seeking

about for the lingering worm or its equivalent in pheasant dietary. But the lord of morning is the lark. He is the first to shower down his unpremeditated lay on a world of wet grass and dewy flowers and sleeping poets. Along one edge of the marsh lies a forest of coniferous trees, from which came the bell-like note of the cuckoo as an accompaniment to the merry minstrelsy of the smaller troubadours, while, as if determined

Cottage, a building that at the time was pleasantly veiled by green leaves. In front of it is the charming piece of water-gardening, of which a photograph was taken. Nowhere have the Royal Family set a more excellent example than in their devotion to gardening of every kind. We see it in the treatment of the pond itself, in front of the house and in the stream which runs away from the pond; and on the estate one is



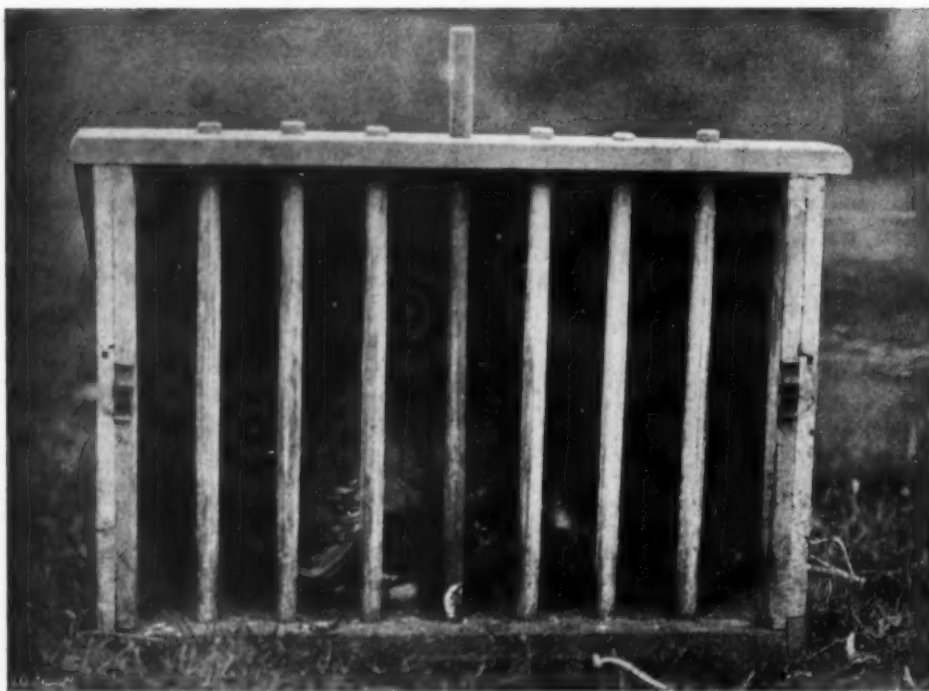
WOODLAND AT SANDRINGHAM.

not to be overlooked, sea-birds that had come inland to nest mixed their harsh cries with the general hubbub. In strolling over the grounds in the park and in the woodlands it was impossible to forget that they had formed the playground of the King and his near relatives. For at every step something occurred which served as a revelation of what the Royal habits and the Royal tastes were. We started on our walk from York

continually finding evidence of taste for simple beauty. Flowers come up in unexpected, and yet in most appropriate, places, as where white narcissi, English lilies of the field, were bending their frail stems and nodding their exquisite heads among grass that was becoming as tall as they were. Wild gardening is a very old taste with Queen Alexandra, and, no doubt, the household caught the love of it from her. There

used to be, in the grounds at Sandringham, a little wild garden of her own, but on this occasion I did not see it, although it may be, and probably is, still in existence. The woodland scenery around Sandringham is probably one of the greatest surprises to the visitor who has read only a superficial account of the place. Naturally, he looks, not, indeed, to find the bare marsh, but marshland covered with trees that might have been planted at the suggestion of the late Lord Leicester, whose

advice King Edward VII., when as Prince of Wales he was laying out Sandringham, took on many salient features. But, in addition to the plantations of new trees, the visitor scarcely expects to discover the old and gnarled oaks of the park, whose appearance betokens great antiquity. The leaves were just coming to cover trunks beginning to show the ravages of time, but there was a fine ancestral look about them which did not lose, but gained, from the presence of a considerable quantity of deer that were feeding in small groups. Their hind legs go by themselves at this season of the year, and we did not happen to see any stags. But the lovely creatures, so sinewy, so alert, so graceful, seen among the old oaks seemed to tell the story of this estate for many a generation before it became the property of the late King. When it was acquired an old road passed through the middle of the wood, but the right of way was secured by the making of an equivalent gift of land. It



BARN-DOOR MOTHER BROODING WILD DUCK.

presents no appearance of traffic now, beyond that suggestiveness which seems to belong to every old and disused road. Water has to be crossed at several places between this ancient highway and the house, and the quiet and seclusion of Sandringham could perhaps best be judged by the quantity of wild duck haunting these waters. I am not now alluding to those which are raised for sporting purposes on the estate or to the particular place where this is done. The mallard duck come of their own

accord to the waters, and are in no sense of the word tame. It was, for example, impossible to get near them for the purpose of taking photographs, as they are as shy and wary as wild birds can be. But, attracted possibly by the sense of sanctuary, they come to the woods in considerable numbers for nesting purposes, using the water and the ponds for rest and recreation when they are not actually engaged in their domestic duties. In some cases we saw the brown mother escaping from her nest—avoiding her nest is the older and more correct expression. Either she would fly a space and drop behind cover, or run, as ducks only can run, like a rabbit or hare under the trees. A wild duck is the most cunning, wary and affectionate of mothers. A considerable number are reared on the estate, and very pretty the little things looked swimming in myriads, the darker colour of the wild duck showing in vivid contrast



YOUNG DECOYS WITH MALLARD DUCKLINGS.



A PADDOCK AT WOLFERTON.



THE KING'S OWN HIGHLANDERS

to the white of those that are intended to be used as decoys. The reason for light-coloured ducks being chosen for the latter purpose is, of course, that the shooters may recognise and avoid them. Rearing has not been done upon a very extensive scale. The King will probably in time take the matter up seriously, as shooting is one of the recreations which he most delights in, and at which he is distinguished. But, during the first year of his reign, there have been so many things to occupy his attention that he has not had much of it to bestow on game. Indeed,

it was very difficult to realise that shooting could take place in such circumstances, for on the day of our visit peace seemed to reign supreme over the water and the wood alike. The rabbits scarcely took the trouble to scuttle out of the way of the pedestrian; the doves and wood-pigeons cooed their message from the trees glowing in sunlight; the pheasants strutted about as if showing off before company; and the very spirit of May seemed to show in the many-tinted colours and to breathe in the perfumed air.

(To be continued.)

OTTER-HUNTING IN MAY.

DURING the last week in May excellent sport was enjoyed with several packs of hounds, particularly in the North of England. Last Thursday the Border Counties met at Bridge Trafford, near Mickle Trafford. On Tuesday, the Carlisle Hounds met at Clift Bridge. In the districts hunted by these packs the trouble has been from spates, although it is safe to say that sport has never been better during the month of May. But among the hills, whence many of the best streams issue, thunderstorms have been of frequent occurrence, and in these days they bring down the water in such floods as to render otter-hunting for the time being impossible. Of course, this is largely

due to greatly improved field drainage. The water is not allowed to soak into the ground and thus furnish a fairly equal supply throughout the year, but is carried straight to the streams in drains and causes an immediate rise. Thus the beginning of the season generally furnishes an experience of uncertain water, and, if the rainfall be only moderate or less than moderate, there comes a great drought in June. The Northern Counties has had several good runs, one of the best occurring on the North Tyne on the 13th of the month. On the 16th there was a good run on the Codbeck, a tributary of the Swale. In this case, after the otter had run for a mile or so, she went to ground in a rabbit-hole, from which she was ejected by a terrier. A



MARKING A HOLT

really fine hunt followed. The bitch eventually left the water and tried to cross a meadow, but gallantly met her fate on the grass. One of the best runs of the season was that of the Bucks, when it met near Kenilworth. The otter was marked at a tree near Rock spinney on the Avon. The rapid water is admirably adapted for a lively run, and one occurred here, which ended in the death of the otter as it was attempting to cross a shallow. The same pack had a run of five hours at Stoneleigh Village in the succeeding week. In this case the hounds, after pluckily sticking to their game till they were nearly done up, had in the end to be drawn off, and the otter was left, let us hope, to furnish a good run on some other day. A distinguishing feature of otter-hunting lies in the greater crowds attracted now than used to be the case. The present writer remembers many a good chase in his boyhood, when half-a-dozen men used to meet at four o'clock in the morning and attract no spectator, unless it might happen to be a shepherd or some other farm labourer pursuing his appointed task in the early morning. But nowadays otter-hunting seems to have a wider appeal. Many take to it seriously, for very good reasons. They find it less expensive than fox-hunting, and it is also a more exciting and, probably on the whole, a more active sport.

FOUR NEW PROFESSORS OF LITERATURE.

THOSE who are interested in letters were extremely surprised to learn from the newspapers of May 25th that on the preceding day the Royal Society of Literature had taken the unexpected step of instituting four chairs. These are: English Fiction, Professor A. C. Benson; Dramatic Literature, Professor W. L. Courtney; Comparative Literature, Professor M. A. Gerthwohl; Poetry, Professor Henry Newbolt. One cannot help speculating as to the scope and nature of the work to be expected from the new appointments. Professor Benson, for instance, will have a new field all to himself. It has not previously occurred, as far as we remember, to any corporate body to appoint a lecturer in fiction. There are two possible courses open. One is to make novel-writing into a profession, just the same as the law is a profession, or medicine. It will be objected that the literary art is a divine gift which cannot be imparted; but this is a saying which, as a matter of fact, only applies to the great masters. There are many thousands of men and women engaged at the present moment in earning a livelihood by writing novels, and it is very doubtful indeed if a thousandth part of them are endowed with genius of any kind. The construction of a readable novel, which is not a work of genius, might possibly be accomplished by rule of thumb. Still, we take it that Professor Benson's work will not be to establish a school for novelists. It will rather lie in the way of stirring up interest and awakening discrimination in the reading public. Some are so daring as to call this popular recognition of genius. But the truth is that genius is as liable to be overlooked to-day as ever it was, despite the readiness of the public, and of the critics, to accept a new name. What a lecturer might do effectively is to show the difference between really fine work and that which has only the gilt and outside appearance of being fine. Probably this could be more effectively achieved by extract and selection than by exposition. For it is one of the most dismal signs of the times that even those who can talk most glibly about the schools and cliques and isms of literature,



SWIMMING HOUNDS.

when they come to quote from what they admire, often wound the susceptibilities of the artist by selecting the least pregnant and the least admirable of his sentences. Professor A. C. Benson has a lifelong task before him, unless, indeed, he is content to confine his ambition to the avowed object of the scheme.

Professor W. L. Courtney has an equally wide field open to him in the domain of dramatic art. We do not exactly understand yet how he is to work. Indeed, there is some ambiguity as to what is meant by the word "professor." It is very commonly and diversely applied; but surely it means something more than that the owner is a lecturer. Indeed, we do not think that the University Extension lecturers, for instance, have been dignified with the name. It almost seems to presuppose a class; a class would presuppose a college, and four colleges might almost be denominated a University of Literature. But, in that case, we would appear to be travelling into the region governed by examinations, degrees, and all that they connote. Probably the aim of the new dramatic professor is more modest. But, whatever form his expositions take, the work he has to do is set forth plainly enough. By universal consent the playgoers of the present day have become a frivolous people, who seem to take more delight in musical dramas, which have taken the place of the comic opera.

These productions are, as a rule, of the most glaringly silly description; but the audiences at them are pleased with the movement and colour on the stage, the tunefulness of the music, and an occasional song that may become the vogue of the hour. They do not take what the old actors called "legitimate drama" seriously. And in these days, as in others, Shakespeare spells ruin. So we can fancy Professor Courtney meditating. And yet there is some outlet for hope. Anyone may have noticed during the last season that, where a fine play or passage of Shakespeare was delivered with unquestionable elocutionary ability, it proved as attractive as it ever could have been, thus showing that there is, at any rate, a strong remnant to appeal to, if great drama were produced. But it must puzzle Professor Courtney to decide whether it is the better course to address the public or to gather the dramatists together, set them in rows like college students, and expound to them their duties and responsibilities.

Professor Gerthwohl has what is probably the easiest and pleasantest task of all. The domain which has been marked out for him is that of comparative literature. And, at any rate, this should furnish him with abundant material for essays calculated to bring the educated public into contact with the society. Last, but not least, we come to the appointment of

Mr. Henry Newbolt as professor of poetry. Mr. Newbolt is gifted with an original genius that is peculiarly his own. It would not be invidious to say that he is the most richly gifted of the poets of the hour. If eminence as a poet is the necessary qualification for his appointment, he possesses it in no mean

degree. And he writes such very good prose that there is every ground for hoping that he will be able to say much that is useful and illuminating about the art of poetry. Still, for our own part, we ever prefer to reams of theory the following perfect little poem which Professor Newbolt specially wrote for this number.

THE FAUN.

BY HENRY NEWBOLT. ILLUSTRATED BY LADY HYLTON.



Yesterday I thought to roam
Idly through the fields of home,
And I came at morning's end
To our brook's familiar bend.
There I raised my eyes, and there,
Shining through an ampler air,
Folded in by hills of blue
Such as Wessex never knew,
Changed as in a waking dream
Flowed the well-remembered stream.

Now a line of wattled pale
Fenced the downland from the vale,
Now the sedge was set with reeds
Fitter for Arcadian meads,
And where I was wont to find
Only things of timid kind,
Now the Genius of the pool
Mocked me from his corner cool.
Eyes he had with malice quick,
Tufted hair and ears a-prick,
And, above a tiny chin,
Lips with laughter wide a-grin.
Therewithal a shaggy flank
In the crystal clear he sank,
And beneath the unruffled tide
A little pair of hooves I spied.

Yet though plainly there he stood
Creature of the wave and wood,
Under his satyric grace
Something manlike I could trace,
And the eyes that mocked me there
Like a gleam of memory were.

"So" said I at last to him,
Frowning from the river's brim,
"This is where you come to play,
Heedless of the time of day."

"Nay" replied the youthful god,
Leaning on the flowery sod,
"Here there are no clocks, and so
Time can neither come nor go."

"Little goat" said I, "you're late,
And your dinner will not wait:
If to-day you wish to eat,
Trust me, you must find your feet."

"Father" said the little goat,
"Do you know that I can float?
Do you know that I can dive
As deep as any duck alive?
Would you like to see me drop
Out of yonder willow's top?"

Sternly I replied again,
"You may spare your boasting vain:
All that you can do I did
When I was myself a kid."
Laughter followed such as pealed
Through the first unfurrowed field:
"Then what mother says is true,
And your hoof is cloven too!"

Ah!—but that irreverent mirth,
Learnt of the primeval earth,
Surely was with magic fraught
That upon my pulses wrought:
I too felt the air of June
Humming with a merry tune,
I too reckoned, like a boy,
Less of Time and more of Joy:
Till, as homeward I was wending,
I perceived my back unbending,
And before the mile was done
Ran beside my truant son.

LALAGE'S LOVERS



By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM.

CHAPTER I.

IT must have been some business connected with the parish which took me to the Rectory that afternoon, for Canon Beresford had gone out with his rod, and fishing is a sport which he appreciates only as a refuge from things which bore him. Miss Battersby, who was reading a novel, told me that the Canon was fishing, and added that Lalage was with her father. Miss Battersby is Lalage's governess, and she would not consider it right to spend the afternoon over a novel unless she felt sure that her pupil was being properly looked after. In this case she was misinformed. Lalage was not with her father. She was perched on one of the highest branches of a horse-chestnut tree. I heard her before I saw her, for the chestnut tree was in full leaf, and Lalage had to hail me three or four times before I discovered where she was. I always liked Lalage, and even in those days she had a friendly feeling for me. She climbed from her tree-top with remarkable agility, and swung herself from the lowest branch with such skill and activity that she alighted on her feet close beside me. She was at that time a little more than fourteen years of age, and a very skilful climber. Unfortunately, she tore her frock in the descent.

"Cattersby," said Lalage, "will be mad; raging mad. She's always at me because things will tear my clothes. Horrid nuisance clothes are, aren't they? But Cattersby doesn't think so, of course. She likes them."

The lady's name is Battersby, not Cattersby. She held the position of governess to Lalage for more than a year, and is therefore entitled to respect. Her predecessor, a Miss Thomas, resigned after six weeks.

"You should speak of her as Miss Battersby," I said, firmly.

"I call her Cattersby," said Lalage, "because that is her nature."

I said that I understood what this remark meant; but Lalage, who even then had a remarkable faculty for getting at the naked truth of things, did not even pretend to believe me.

"Come along," she said, "and I'll show you why."

I followed her meekly. We passed through the stable-yard, paddled round a large manure-heap, crossed an ashpit, and came at last to a pigsty. There were no pigs in it, and it was, for a pigsty, very clean. Lalage opened the gate, and we entered the small enclosure in which the pigs, if there had been pigs, would have taken food and exercise.

"You'll have to stoop down now and crawl," said Lalage. "You needn't be afraid. The pigs were sold last week."

I realised that I was being invited to enter the actual home, the private sleeping-room, of the departed swine. The door of it had been newly painted. While I knelt in front of it I read a notice which stretched across it in large white letters, done, apparently, with chalk:

THE OFFICE OF "THE ANTI-CAT."

Editor: Miss Lalage Beresford, B.A.

Sub-Editor: Ditto, ditto.

Underneath this inscription was a carefully-executed drawing of a spear with a large, a disproportionately large, and vicious-looking barb. A sort of banner depended from its shaft with these words on it: "For use on Cattersby. Revenge is sweet." I looked round at Lalage, who was on her hands and knees behind me. I intended to ask for some explanation of the extraordinarily vindictive spirit displayed by the spear and the banner. Lalage forestalled my question, and explained something else.

"I have the office here," she said, "because it's the only place where I can be quite sure she won't follow me."

This time I understood what was said to me thoroughly. Cattersby—that is to say, Miss Battersby—if she were the sort of person who mourned over torn frocks, would be very unwilling to follow anyone into the recesses of the pigsty. We crawled in. Against the far wall of the chamber stood the trough from which the pigs, now, no doubt, deceased, used to eat.

"It was put there," said Lalage, who seemed to know that I was thinking of the trough, "after they had done cleaning out the sty, so as it wouldn't go rotten in the wet before we got some more young pigs."

"Was that Miss Battersby's idea?"

"No. It wasn't. Cattersby wouldn't think of anything half so useful. All she cares about is sums and history and lessony things. It was Tom Kitterick who put it there, and I helped him. Tom Kitterick is the boy who cleans the boots and pumps the water. It was that time," she added, "that I got paint all over my blue dress. She said it was Tom Kitterick's fault."

"It may have been," I said, "partly. Anyhow, Tom Kitterick is a red-haired, freckly youth. It wouldn't do him any harm to be slanged a bit for something."

"It's a jolly sight better to have freckles, even if you come out all over, like a turkey egg, than to go rubbing stinking stuff on your face at night. That's what Cattersby does. I caught her at it."

Miss Battersby has a nice, smooth complexion, and is, no doubt, quite justified in doing her best to preserve it. But I did not argue the point with Lalage. A discussion might have led to further revelations of intimate details of the lady's toilet. I was young in those days, and I rather prided myself on being a gentleman. I changed the subject.

"Perhaps," I said, "you will now tell me why you have brought me here. Are we to have a picnic tea in the pigs' trough?"

Lalage crawled past me. She took out of the trough a bundle of papers, pierced at the top left-hand corner and tied with a slightly soiled blue ribbon. She handed it to me, and I looked it over. It was, apparently, a manuscript magazine modelled on those sold at railway bookstalls for sixpence. It was called, as I might have guessed, "The Anti-Cat." The table of contents promised the following reading matter:

1. Editor's Chat.
2. Poetry—A Farewell. To be recited in her presence.
3. The Ignominy of Having a Governess.
4. Prize Competition for the Best Insult Story.

"You can enter for that if you like," said Lalage, who had been following my eyes down the page.

"I shall," I said, "if she insults me; but she never has yet."

"Nor she won't," said Lalage. "She'll be honey to you. That's one of the worst things about her. She's a hypocrite. I loathe hypocrites, don't you?"

I returned to the table of contents.

5. On Sneaking—First Example.
6. Our Tactics, by the Editor.

"She won't insult you," said Lalage. "She simply crawls to any grown-up. You should hear her talking to Father and pretending that she thinks fishing nice."

"She's perfectly right to do that. After all, Lalage, your father is a Canon, and a certain measure of respect is due to his recreations as well as to his serious work. Besides—"

"It's never right to crawl to anyone."

"Besides," I said, "what you call crawling may in reality be sympathy. I'm sure Miss Battersby has a sympathetic disposition. It is very difficult to draw the line between proper

respect, flavoured with appreciative sympathy, and what you object to as sycophancy."

"If you're going to try and show off," said Lalage, "by using ghastly long words which nobody could possibly understand, you'd better go and do it to the Cat. She'll like it. I'm not going to sit here all day listening to you. Either read the magazine or don't, whichever you like. I don't care whether you do or not; but I won't be jawed."

This subdued me at once. I began with the poem:

Fair Cattersby, I weep to see
You haste away by train,
As yet that Latin exercise
Has not been done again.
Stay, stay,
Until *amo* I say.
(To be continued in our next.)

"There was a difficulty about the last three lines, I suppose," I said.

"Yes," said Lalage. "I couldn't remember how they went, and Cattersby had the book. She pretends she likes reading poetry, though she doesn't really, and she makes me learn off whole chunks of it."

"You can't deny that it comes in useful occasionally. I don't see how you could have composed that parody if she hadn't made you learn—"

"She didn't. That's not the sort of poetry she makes me learn. If it was, I might do it. She finds out rotten things about 'Little lamb, who made you?' 'We are Seven,' and stuff of that sort. Not what I call poetry at all."

I shrank from attempting to defend the reputations of Blake and Wordsworth in a pigsty with Lalage Beresford as an opponent. I turned to the last page of "The Anti-cat," and read the article entitled, "Our Tactics." It was exceedingly short, but it struck me as able. I began to have a great deal of pity for Miss Battersby.

"Calm"—(or Balm. There was an uncertainty about the first letter)—and haughty in her presence. Let yourself out behind her back."

"What about your going in for the competition?" said Lalage. "Even if she doesn't insult you, you could easily invent something. You've seen her and you know quite well the sort she is. You might get the prize."

"May I read the story you've got?" I asked. "If it's not very good I might perhaps try; but it is probably quite superior to anything I could possibly produce, and in that case there would be no use my attempting to compete."

"It is good," said Lalage, "but yours might be good too, and then I should divide the prize, or you could give a second prize; a box of Turkish delight would do."

This encouraged me, and I read the "Insult Story."

"I did my lessons studiously, as good as I could," Lalage was a remarkably good speller for her age. Many much older people would have staggered over "studiously." She took it, so to speak, in her stride.

"I wrote out a lot of questions on the history and answered them all without looking at the book. I knew it perfectly. The morning came, and with it history. I answered all the questions except one—the Character of Mary. The Insulter repeated it, commending me to 'Say it now.' I said it with a bland smile upon my face, as I thought how well I knew my history."

"Lalage," I said, pausing in the narrative; "did you make that smile bland simply because you knew your history, or was its blandness part of the tactics: 'Balm and haughty in her presence'?"

"Calm," said Lalage, "calm, not balm. Never mind about that. Go on."

"The Insulter," I read, "turned crimson with rage and shrieked damnation and stamped about the floor. Cooling down a bit, she said, 'You shall write it out ten times this afternoon.' Naturally, I was astonished, for I had said it perfectly correctly when she told me. I had, however, a better control over my temper than she had, and managed, despite my passionate thoughts, to smile blandly all through, though it made her ten times worse."

"Well?" said Lalage, when I had finished.

"I am a little confused," I said. "I thought the story was to be about an insult offered by Miss Battersby to someone else— you, or perhaps me."

"It is," said Lalage. "That's what the prize is for, the best insult."

"But this seems to me to be about an insult applied by the author to Miss Battersby. I couldn't conscientiously go in for a competition in which I should represent myself as doing a thing of that sort."

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Lalage. "I didn't insult her. She insulted me."

"Come now, Lalage, honour bright! That smile of yours! How would you like anyone to make you ten times worse by smiling blandly at you when you happened to be stamping about the floor, crimson in the face and shrieking—"

"I wouldn't. I don't use words of that sort even when I'm angry."

"It might be better if you did. A frank outburst of that kind is at times less culpable than a balmy smile. I have a much greater respect and liking for the person who says plainly what she means than—"

"She didn't. She wouldn't think it ladylike."

"Didn't what?"

"Didn't say straight out what she meant."

"She can't have meant more," I said. "After all, we must be reasonable. There isn't any more that anyone could mean."

"You're very stupid," said Lalage. "I keep on telling you she didn't say it. She's far too great a hypocrite."

"Do you mean to say that she didn't stamp about the floor and say—?"

I hesitated. I have been very carefully brought up, and I am a churchwarden.

Lalage came to my rescue and finished my sentence for me.

"That word," she said.

"Thanks. We'll put it that way. Am I to understand that she didn't say that word?"

"Certainly not," said Lalage. "She couldn't if she tried. I should—I really think I should quite like her if she did."

I felt that this was as far as I was at all likely to get in bringing Lalage to a better frame of mind. Her attitude towards her governess was very far indeed from that enjoined in the Church Catechism, but I lacked the courage to tell her so.

I did, however, make a further effort to soften Lalage.

"I wish," I said, "that you'd try and call her 'Pussy' instead of 'Cat.'"

"Why? What's the difference?"

"The meaning is the same," I said. "But it's a much kinder way of putting it. You ought to try and be kind, Lalage."

She pondered this advice for a while, and then said:

"I would; if only she'd stop kissing me."

"Does she do it often?"

"Every morning and every evening, and sometimes during the day."

That settled it. I could not press my point. Once, years afterwards, Miss Battersby very nearly kissed me; but even before there was any chance of such a thing I was able to sympathise with Lalage. I crept out of the pigsty and went home again.

CHAPTER II.

I MET Canon Beresford next day. He was turning in at our gate at the time. I remarked that it was nearly luncheon-time and asked him to return with me and share the meal. He was distraught and nervous, but he managed to quote Horace by way of reply:

*Destructus ensis cui super impiâ
Cervice pendet non Sicula dapes . . .*

The Canon's fondness for Horace accounts, I suppose, for the name he gave his daughter. His habit of quoting is troublesome to me because I cannot always translate what he says. But he has a feeling for my infirmity and a tactful way of saving my self-respect.

"If you had a heavy, two-handed sword hanging over your head by a hair," he explained, "you would be thinking about something else besides luncheon."

"What has the Archdeacon been doing?" I asked.

The Archdeacon is a man with a thirst for information about Church affairs, and he collects what he wants by means of questions printed on sheets of paper which he expects other people to answer. Canon Beresford, who never has statistics at hand, and consequently has to invent his answers to the questions, suffers a good deal from the Archdeacon.

"It's not the Archdeacon this time," he said. "I wish it was. The fact is I am in trouble again about Lalage. I am on my way to consult your mother."

"Has Miss Battersby been complaining?"

"She's leaving," said the Canon, "at once. Leaving, so to speak, vigorously."

"I was afraid it would come to that. She wasn't the sort of woman who'd readily take to swearing."

"I very nearly did," said the Canon. "She cried. It's curious, but she really seems fond of Lalage."

"Did she by any chance force her way into the pigsty and find 'The Anti-Cat'?"

Canon Beresford looked at me, and a smile hovered about his mouth.

"So you've seen that production," he said. "I call it rather good."

"But you can hardly blame Miss Battersby for leaving, can you?"

"She didn't see it," said the Canon; "thank goodness!"

"Then why on earth is she leaving? What else can she have to complain of?"

"There was trouble. The sort of trouble nobody could possibly foresee or guard against. You know Tom Kitterick, don't you?"

"The boy who cleans your boots? Yes, I do. A freckly-faced brat."

"Exactly. Well, it appears that Miss Battersby is rather particular about her complexion, and—"

"Lalage tried the stuff on Tom Kitterick, I suppose."

"Yes. She used the whole bottle, and Miss Battersby found out what had happened and complained to me. She was extremely nice about it; but she said that the incident had made her position as Lalage's governess quite impossible."

"Lalage, of course, smiled balmily."

"Calmly," said the Canon. "She told me herself that the word was calm, though it looked rather like balm. Anyhow, that was the last straw. Miss Battersby goes next week. The Archdeacon—"

"I thought he'd come in before we'd done."

"He did his best to be sympathetic and helpful. He said yesterday, just before he went to Dublin, that what Lalage requires is a firm hand over her."

The drawn sword did not really interfere with the Canon's appetite, but he refused to smoke a cigar after luncheon. I went off by myself to the library. He followed my mother into the drawing-room. I waited, although I had a good many things to do, until he joined me. He sighed heavily as he sat down.

"Lalage is to go to school after summer," he said.

"My mother," I replied, with conviction, "is sure to be right about a matter like that."

"I suppose she is; but Lalage won't like it."

The Canon sighed again, heavily. I tried to cheer him up.

"She'll enjoy the companionship of the other girls," I said.

"I daresay she won't have a bad time. After all, a girl of fourteen ought to have friends of her own age. It will be far better for her to be running about with a skipping-rope in a crowd of other damsels than to be climbing chestnut trees and writing parodies in lonely pigsties."

"That's very much what your mother said. I wish I could think so. I'm dreadfully afraid that, brought up as she has been, she'll have a bad time of it."

"Anyhow, she won't have half as bad a time as the schoolmistress."

I had hit upon the true line of consolation. The Canon smiled feebly, and appeared slightly more cheerful.

"I have to be off," he said. "Lalage is waiting to hear what your mother has settled. I mustn't keep her too long."

"Did you tell her you were coming up here for advice?"

"Of course I did. She quite agreed with me that it was the best thing to do. She always says that your mother is the only person she knows who has any sense. Miss Battersby's sudden resignation was rather a shock to her. She was in a curiously chastened mood this morning."

"She'll get over that all right," I said. "She'll be bringing out another number of 'The Anti-Cat' in a couple of days."

I walked back to the Rectory with the Canon and then returned home in search of afternoon tea. I found mother in the drawing-room and Miss Battersby with her. She, too, had come to ask advice. I am sure she needed it, poor woman. What she said about Lalage I do not know, for the subject was dropped when I entered the room, but Miss Battersby's position evidently commanded my mother's sympathy. Shortly after leaving the Rectory she was established, on my mother's recommendation, in Thormanby Park. Lord Thormanby, who is my uncle, has three daughters, all of them nice, well-disposed girls, not the least like Lalage. Miss Battersby got on well with them, taught them everything which well-educated girls in their position ought to know. She

finally settled down as a sort of private secretary to Lord Thormanby.

I was naturally anxious to hear Miss Battersby's version of the experimental treatment of Tom Kitterick's complexion; but I had to wait till after dinner for it. Only over our coffee did my mother respond to my efforts to introduce the subject.

"I suppose," she said, at last, "that you want to hear the whole account of Lalage's latest escapade?"

"Miss Battersby's version of it," I said. "I heard the Canon's after luncheon."

"Lalage," said my mother, "is an extremely naughty little girl, who will be a great deal better at school."

"But have you considered the plan from the point of view of the school you're sending her to?"

"Miss Pettigrew is an old friend of mine and——"

"Is she the schoolmistress?"

"The principal," said my mother; "and she's quite capable of dealing with Lalage."

"I wasn't thinking of her. As I told the Canon this afternoon, Lalage will probably be very good for her."

"She'll certainly be very good for Lalage."

"I'm not saying anything the least derogatory to Miss Pettigrew. Schoolmasters are just the same. So are the heads of colleges. The position tends to develop certain quite trifling defects of character for which Lalage will be an almost certain cure."

"You don't know Miss Pettigrew."

"No; I don't. That's the reason I'm trying not to talk of her. What I'm considering, and what you ought to be considering, is the effect of Lalage on the other girls. Think of those nice, innocent young creatures, still fresh from their sheltered homes——"

"Lalage . . . turned over the pages while the Canon and I refolded a blue serge dress."

"My dear boy," said my mother, "what on earth do you know about little girls?"

"Nothing," I said; "but I've always been led to believe that they are sweet and innocent."

"Let me tell you, then," said my mother, "that Lalage has a career of real usefulness before her in that school. Most girls of her age are inclined to be sentimental and occasionally priggish. Lalage will do them all the good in the world."

CHAPTER III.

LALAGE's departure from our midst took place early in September, and happened on a Wednesday, the day of the Drumbo Petty Sessions. Our list of malefactors that week was a particularly short one, and I was able to leave the Court-house in good time to see Lalage off at the railway station. Canon Beresford and Lalage were there before me. The Canon, when I came upon them, was pressing Lalage to help herself to chocolate creams from a large box which he held open in his hand.

"I call this rather a scoop for me," said Lalage.

"I'm glad of that," I said, "for I've brought a bottle of French plums from my mother, and a box of Turkish delight, which I bought out of my own money."

"Thanks," said Lalage. "But it wasn't the chocolates I was thinking of. The scoop I mean is going to school. It's a jolly sight better than rotting about here with a beastly governess."



Tom Peckham

"You can't expect any governess to enjoy being robbed of her glycerine and cucumber," I said. "You wouldn't like it yourself."

"That wasn't the real reason," said Lalage. "Even Cattersby had more sense than that."

"She means," said the Canon, "that it didn't begin there."

"No," I said, "it began with the character of Mary."

"It didn't," said Lalage. "She'd forgotten all about that, and so had I. What really began it was my birthday. For three weeks I had suggested a holiday for that day from the tyrant. Her answer had ever been: 'A half will do you nicely.' If pressed: 'You are very ungrateful. I may not give you even that.' So I acted boldly. It was breakfast-time, and we were eating fish——"

"Trout," said the Canon. "I remember the morning perfectly. Tom Kitterick caught them the day before. I took him out with me. The Archdeacon had been over to see me."

"Laying down my fork," Lalage went on, "I said to no one in particular——"

"Excuse me, Lalage," I said, "but is this a quotation from the last number of 'The Anti-Cat'?"

"It is. I had an article about it. How did you guess?"

"There was something in the style of the narrative, a certain quite appreciable literary flavour, which suggested 'The Anti-Cat'; but please go on, and keep to the words of the article as far as possible. You had just got to where you spoke to no one in particular."

"Laying down my fork, I said to no one in particular, 'Of course I get a holiday for my birthday.' 'I think a half——' began she. 'Of course,' said Father, loudly, 'a holiday on such a great occasion.' Her face fell. Her scowl deepened. To hide her rage she blew her nose. There was a revengeful glitter in her eye." Lalage paused.

"The article ends there, I suppose?" I said.

"Yes," said Lalage. "She had it in for me after that worse than ever, knowing that I had jolly well scored off her."

"And in the end she broke out over your effort to improve Tom Kitterick's complexion?"

"She sneaked," said Lalage, "sneaked to Father. I wrote an article about that. It's in my box, if you'd like to see it."

The Canon's eyes met mine. Then we both looked at our watches. We had still ten minutes before the train started.

"It's about halfway down," said Lalage, "on the left-hand side."

"I think we might——" I said.

"Yes," said the Canon. "In fact, we must."

We moved together across the platform towards the porter's barrow on which Lalage's trunk lay.

"I should like to see the article," I said, fumbling with the strap.

"It isn't so much that," said the Canon. "Somebody is sure to unpack her box for her to-night, and if Miss Pettigrew came on the thing and read it——"

"She would be prejudiced against Lalage."

"I'd like the poor child to start fair, anyhow," said the Canon, "whatever happens later on."

We unpacked a good many of Lalage's clothes and came on the second number of "The Anti-Cat." Lalage took possession of it, and turned over the pages while the Canon and I refolded a blue serge dress and wedged it into its place with boots.

"Here you are," said Lalage, when I had finished tugging at the straps. "Sneaking, Second Example. The Latest Move of Cattersby. Such a move! A disgrace to any properly-run society, a further disgrace to the already disgraceful tactics of the Cat! How even that base enemy could do such a thing is more than we honourable citizens can understand."

"The other honourable citizen," I said, "is Tom Kitterick, I suppose?"

"No," said Lalage. "There was only me, but that's the way editors always talk. Father told me so once. 'Yet she did it. She sneaked. Yes, sneaked to the grown-up society.'"

The Canon went in search of the station-master, and found him at last digging potatoes in a plot of ground beyond the signal-box. It took some time to persuade him to part with anything so valuable as a ticket to Dublin.

(To be continued.)

TO MY FRIENDS, INVYTING HIM INTO THE COUNTRIE.

Lette this be as a queene's command,
Dear Noel: leave the courtlie Strande
And quicklie to me hie:
For here amonge
The pype and songe
Of stare and stock you shall grow younge
In hande and foote in hearte and tongue
As unrestrained as I.

I know who tends the lustie lambs
That frolic so about their dams,
And soothes the pantynge ewe.
Here I behoulde
The age of golde

With Lucie by the wattled folde,
No prude is she nor over-bolde
But wav'ring 'twene the two.

Dear Noel, when the loftie skie
Is veiled with crimped tiffany
Our pleasaunte cot we'll leave,
In shadie nook
Beside the brook
We will with lyne and craftie hook
Whereon Syr Worme doth temptyng look
The sillie fishe deceive.

And if the fishe lyke sulkie childe
To frolic will not be beguiled
But lyeth in a dumpe,
Of this and that
We straight will chatte
Each shadyng eyes beneath hys hatte,
You couchyng on the grassie matte
And I against a stumpe.

Come quicklie while the saucie Springe
Lookes roguishlie from everythyng
To turne all nature friends,
While in the brake
That losel rake
The prattlyng sparowe woos hys mate
And swears he will not her forsake
Until the summer ends.

J. A. NICKINSON.

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THE CORONATION CHURCH.

BY PROFESSOR W. R. LETHABY.

[The following article reproduces in a somewhat condensed form a lecture just given by the surveyor of Westminster Abbey. The illustrations which accompany it are from photographs taken by special permission of the authorities within the last few weeks. Both together emphasise the fact that when the King and Queen go to their crowning at Westminster, that great solemnity will be consummated in a place that is not only the most honoured sanctuary that England knows, but also the noblest work of art made with English hands.]

WESTMINSTER has always been a Royal Abbey, the special care of the kings, built and rebuilt at their charges and with intent to use it as the Coronation Church. Ex-

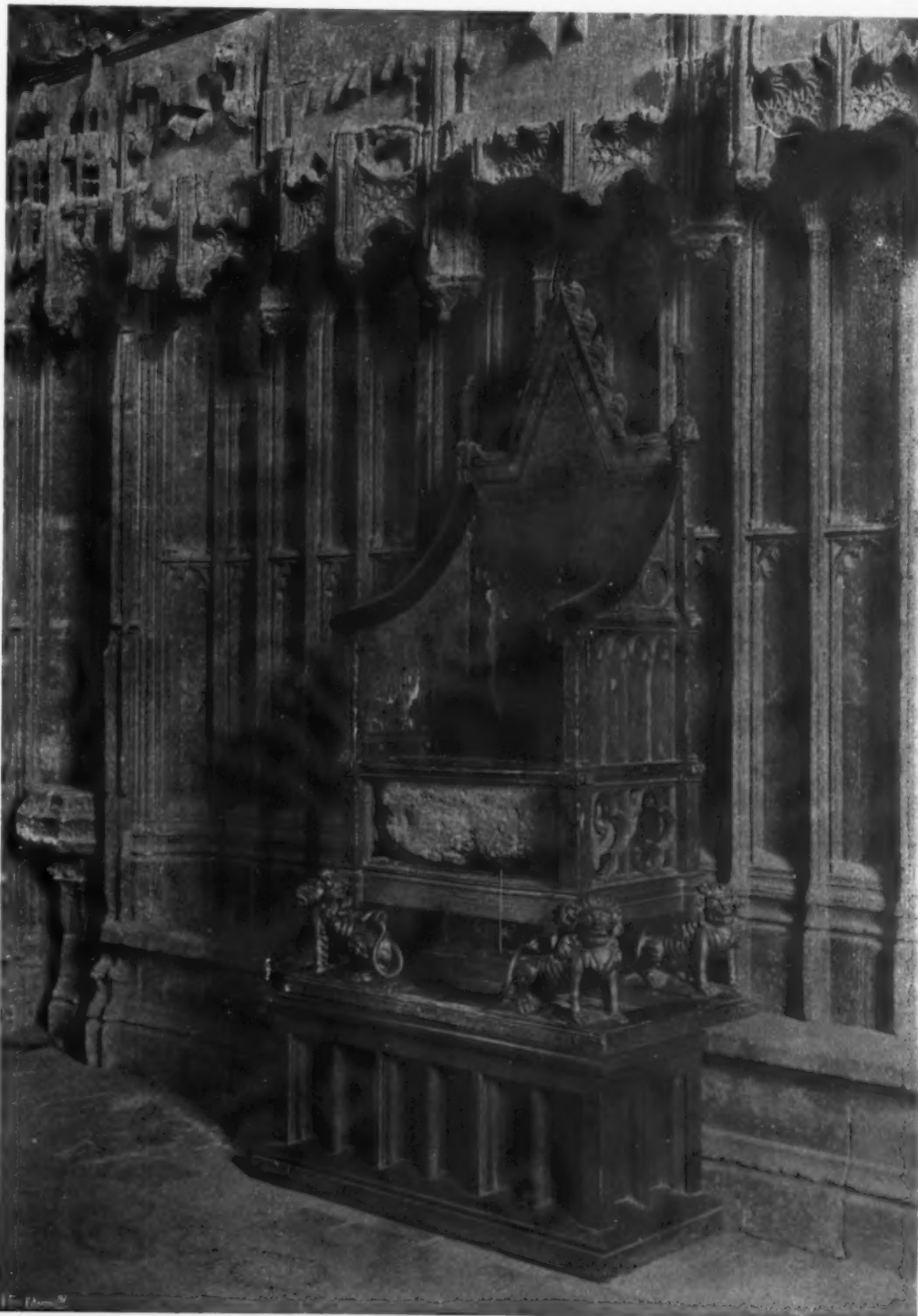
cepting the completion of the nave and Henry VII.'s Chapel, it was built in the twenty-four years from 1245 to 1269 by Henry III., who seems to have been a feeble king politically, while he was, undoubtedly, a great art connoisseur. The moment was propitious. A little earlier and the architecture must needs have been archaic; a little later and the first eager freshness of the style would have flagged.

The typical part of the church is as central to its style as is the Parthenon for Greek art. Where it is, and seen with our English eyes, it is unmatched for loveliness. This judgment is not absolute. I do not expect foreigners to agree with it; indeed, they should not, for to a cool heart and a critical mind Westminster is inferior to many great French churches, of which it is in much a reflection. Westminster, indeed, is but a moon to the sun of ancient Bourges or Rheims; but there is a glory of the moon as well as of the sun.

The Church of Henry III. was built by the King's own master-masons, the most famous artists of the time. It was built in the suburb of the capital city at the gate of the King's palace. The costs were great, much greater than for any other English church. These advantages helped to form a triumphant success, and the influence of Henry III.'s Westminster became very great in shaping the course of development of English architecture. It forms a dividing line of style between earlier and mature Gothic.

The Abbey Church, that is, the larger and more characteristic part of it built by Henry III., we may think of as begun at the middle point of the thirteenth century. As to style, it would be usually called Early English, the first division of English Gothic. Of course, the progress of Art during any great period is more or less continuous, and to mark off any sub-divisions is as arbitrary as the division of life's span into infancy, youth, maturity and old age. What of real value survives from "Attempts to Discriminate the Various Styles of English Architecture" is a widespread knowledge of a few style-names which roughly coincide with the centuries. Norman stands

for the twelfth, Early English for the thirteenth, Decorated for the fourteenth, and Perpendicular for the fifteenth; but it should be remembered that these names denote only general characteristics. When we consider the whole course of Gothic architecture, it seemed to manifest itself first in the middle of the twelfth century as a rapid change from the Norman, and the last works which may be called Gothic were finished before the middle of the sixteenth century. We thus get a period of four centuries, the middle point of which falls in the year 1350, at the time of



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THE CORONATION CHAIR

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the Black Death, itself a line of division between Early and Late Gothic. It is well to remember firmly this central date of 1350, for by placing two centuries in front of it we get the period of Early Gothic, and by placing two centuries after it we mark off the period of Later Gothic. Westminster came at the end of the first of the four centuries. With it the style "came of age."

Before the splendid Church of Henry III. was built, another, as remarkable for its own time, had stood on its site for about two hundred years, built by Edward the Confessor; but we are not now concerned with the traces of it that remain. The greater part of the Abbey Church as we know it to-day was built in the high noon of the day of Gothic architecture. Henry III.'s

which was placed the splendid new shrine of St. Edward. A basement of marble and mosaic, which still exists, supported a large coffer plated over with gold, encrusted with jewels and enamel. Around this centre thirteen Kings and Queens are buried.

Special planning of the church in view of Coronations may certainly be observed in the central area at the crossing of the



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most striking characteristic was his passion for building and for art of all kinds. There can be no doubt that in rebuilding the Confessor's Church he intended it to be not only the sepulchral church of the Royal line, but the place of Coronation. The east end of the church was extended far beyond the altar, and, terminating in an apse, formed a noble chapel, at the centre of

choir and transepts, which is entirely unobstructed through the choir proper being pushed wholly to the west of the transepts. Here, at the middle point, was set up the pulpitum, or stage, for the crowning of the King. The vast, well-lighted triforium, which forms a second storey over all the aisles and apsidal chapels, also doubtless had its origin in the need for absorbing

great multitudes at the Coronation. This triforium is served by four large winding staircases, one at each corner of the transepts. The church must have been crowded to its utmost capacity in every part. The high pulpitum allowed the King to be seen. Now, with the lower stage, enormous ascending

the King, who well knew and loved French architecture, to study the church of Rheims before planning ours.

While it was yet fresh and gay, Westminster must have been of dazzling beauty. All the columns were of polished marble and the rest of the fair stonework was adorned with painting and



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HENRY VII'S CHAPEL FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

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scaffoldings have to be erected. The correspondence of the Abbey Church to Rheims Cathedral is very striking, not only in respect of Coronation arrangements, but in the structure. The resemblances are sufficient to show that there must be direct relation between the two Coronation churches, and it seems probable that the master-mason of Westminster was sent by

gilding. The windows were of stained glass, of which only a few morsels remain. The altar frontal was of splendid gold embroidery set with enamels and jewels, and behind it rose the blazing splendour of the golden shrine, which was reflected in the highly-polished floor of the presbytery, a mosaic of porphyry and marble laid down in 1268 by artists from Rome.

Practically all the facts as to the building of the Abbey Church are known, and a great number of the details of costs and wages exist. A fabric account was instituted into which Henry III. paid nearly forty thousand pounds of our money. Edward, the King's clerk, was in control of the finances, and the construction was entrusted to the King's master masons of the time. The first of these was Henry, of whom we first hear

1269 and continued the necessary works until about 1280. Henry III. had died in 1272, and at this time the church had been substantially completed according to his intention; that is, with the lofty and splendid presbytery, transept, and choir west of the transepts attached to the much lower ancient nave of the Confessor's Church. And in this form it remained for just a century, until the rebuilding of the ancient nave was undertaken in harmony with the work of Henry III.

Art is always the product of intensive culture. We are likely to think that individual genius, or a school of art, may arise anywhere. Perhaps the unattached genius may be possible, but hardly the school. Mediaeval architecture is a section of the whole of mediaeval art, and that is but a part of the culture of the period.

As a rule, our artistic impulses have reached us in a series of waves from the Continent, and generally from our nearest neighbour, France. The impulses in architecture were radiating all the time, but from 1050 to 1250 there were five notable moments. The first of the five was when the Confessor built his church after the fashion of Normandy, and doubtless brought Norman masters to do it. The second was when the new and energetic rule of the Normans was established here. In the half-century following the Conquest, so great a volume of building was accomplished that England seems to have been at this time the centre of the Norman development. The third impulse was when the active and idealistic Cistercian Order founded its abbeys in England. Then, again, there is reason to think French masters brought over the new type of planning and building which had been developed in France. Fourthly, when the Cathedral of Canterbury was rebuilt from 1174, a French master was brought from Sens to direct the construction of the first truly Gothic building in England. Finally, when Henry III. rebuilt the Abbey Church of Westminster from 1245 to 1269, he must have sent his master-mason to survey the great French cathedral which the King knew so well. At Westminster the effect of a study of Amiens Cathedral, begun in 1220, and of Rheims Cathedral, begun in 1211, is very evident. The relation with Rheims, the Coronation church of the French kings, is particularly noticeable, not only in the large architectural forms, but in the details. We may say that a factor in the planning of Westminster was its use for Coronations, and that the French church was specially studied from this point of view. Westminster is thus, in a sense, a semi-French work. As has been well said, it is a French thought expressed in English idiom, for the detail and terms of expression are characteristically national.

It followed naturally, from the prestige and intrinsic beauty of the new church, that it should have made a large and lasting impression upon our insular modes of building. Its fine French plan

was reproduced on a smaller scale at Hailes Abbey, which in turn was imitated at Tewkesbury Abbey, while the architectural forms were copied at Hereford, Lichfield, Lincoln and many another church. This is especially the case in regard to a new type of window tracery which was first introduced into England at Westminster by the imitation of the fine windows of completed tracery which were first designed at Rheims



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as being at Westminster in 1246. There can be little doubt that he was what we should call the first architect of the church. He continued in charge until 1251 or 1252. In 1253 the name of John of Oxford occurs as occupying an important position. A year later Master John of Gloucester was in charge. He was succeeded by Robert de Beverly, master-mason to the King, who remained in control until the dedication of the church in



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ACROSS THE TRANSEPTS.

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about twenty-five years earlier and early developed at Amiens, Paris and elsewhere. There is hardly a church in England built after the middle of the thirteenth century where the influence of the Westminster traceries may not be seen.

The Chapter House at Westminster is also another important waymark in the development of English architecture. Here was perfected our national form of chapter house, the most

was a local imitation. Henry III.'s cloister at Westminster seems to have been another magnificent departure. It was the first in England to have traceried openings, and probably it was the first to be vaulted. This, again, was copied at Salisbury, and the new type was gradually spread over England. As a matter of fact, all English architecture has to be thought of as earlier or later than Westminster. If Canterbury was the parent church of our island Gothic, Westminster was a fairy godmother.

In 1503 a new chapel, well known to us as Henry VII.'s, was begun by that King at the east end of the church. In this extraordinarily ornate and imaginative work the master-masons of the time seem to have consciously created a master-work of the native mason-craft in view of the changing fashions in art on the Continent, of which they must have heard talk.

The surpassing beauty of Westminster, among English churches, is in a large degree the effect of its fine and daring construction, and this Gothic construction was developed by continuous experiment in the effort to do all that might be done in stone. A great church of the thirteenth century was a discovery rather than a "design."

OUR AGRICULTURAL STATISTICS.

ON June 4th the collection of Agricultural Statistics begins formally for the year.

We suppose, however, that the date is not so absolutely fixed but that when it falls on a Sunday the Saturday or Monday will do. Besides, it may be easily understood that, as this beginning consists only of sending out to every occupier of more than one acre of land, and to every owner of cattle, sheep or pigs, a schedule to be filled in by the owner or occupier on the date fixed, it may vary to the extent of a day or two. In these days, it is customary for the Board of Agriculture to present to the public a vast array of figures in the course of the year, and even those who are too much engaged otherwise, or have no inclination to look into the details and subsidiary facts, nevertheless like to know the results. It may interest them to explain how these figures are got together. At a first glance, it seems no easy thing to number the sheep and the cattle, the pigs and the horses of Great Britain; to enumerate the varieties of crops grown and give the exact area over which they extend; but this is a matter chiefly of detail and organisation.

Much more important is it to know on what grounds are based the views promulgated as to the crop prospects of the year and the estimates of the yield. The latter especially are of an importance that it would be impossible to over-value, since the figures come into the making of the statement of the world's food supply for the year. If the statistics of one country were untrustworthy, it would obviously vitiate the calculation for the entire world, in the sense of the old adage that no chain is stronger than



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THE QUEEN'S CORONATION CHAIR.

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original gift we ever made to the development of mediæval architecture. Matthew of Paris very properly calls it the Incomparable Chapter House. Westminster Chapter House was copied at Salisbury very exactly, and although the work at Salisbury must be about twenty years later than that at Westminster, the quality of the building has fallen off rather than advanced. Westminster was a centre of style; Salisbury

its weakest link. The collection of Agricultural Statistics, then, may be divided into two parts, namely, acreage and livestock, and produce statistics.

The facts about acreage and livestock are collected by the officers of Customs and Excise. These men, as is well known, are stationed about the country in various well-defined districts. There are altogether about twelve hundred of them engaged in the "collection," and it is they who send out the schedules to be filled up on or about June 4th. If these papers are not returned with tolerable promptitude, a reminder is sent through the post to those who have neglected to do so, and if this fails a personal application is made. The system seems to work very well indeed, as ninety-seven per cent. are filled in by the occupiers, and the local officers have only to fill up the remaining three per cent. from such information as they are able to obtain by enquiry and the use of their eyes. The officers are provided

with an abstract sheet for each of the parishes in the district, and in this they have to enter the information from the schedules. These are forwarded to the Collectors of Customs and Excise, each of whom has charge of a considerable district, Great Britain being divided into about sixty such "collections." The abstract sheets are finally transmitted to the Custom House in London, where the final tabulation takes place. The produce estimates are made by skilled reporters, numbering about two hundred and sixty, who are appointed by the Board and paid by fees proportioned to the extent and character of the districts allotted to them. In the late autumn they estimate the average crop produced per acre of wheat, barley, oats, beans, peas, potatoes, turnips, mangold, hay and hops. The unit of observation is the parish, and the reporter is directed to seek information from farmers, threshing-machine-owners and others, so that he may obtain sufficient facts from which to estimate the average yield.

CATTLE IN SCENERY.

WE think that those who look at the pictures published with this article will remark one point as being thoroughly established. It is that short-horn cattle add a charm all their own to the most romantic mountain landscape. No doubt the wide-horned Highland cattle are more arresting in appearance, and seem at a first glance to be more in keeping with "the land

The one change that has occurred since James Thomson wrote these lines lies in the disappearance of the "strong laborious ox." In this country nowadays it is exceedingly rare to find an ox between the shafts; though, when Thomson wrote, that is to say, about the middle of the eighteenth century, it was a familiar sight in every part of the country. To-day, cattle are kept either for milk or beef; the curse of labour has been



C. Reid.

ON THE BANKS OF THE LOCH.

Cop., right.

of brown heath and shaggy wood." But where there is water, the shorthorn appears almost more natural. Most of us have come to look upon cattle of some kind as an essential part of British landscape. In early spring they have been painted once and for all by the hand of Wordsworth: "The cattle are grazing, Their heads never raising, There are forty feeding like one"; but it is in the height of summer that the cattle become such an important figure in the landscape. The kine, knee deep in clover, suggest at once the rich, flat meadow, the heavy-foliaged trees and the hedgerows with their wayside flowers which form so ordinary a portion of the conventional landscape in any part of the country. There is nothing more suggestive of summer heat than the attitude of cows when:

On the grassy bank
Some ruminating lie, while others stand
Half in the flood, and, often bending, sip
The circling surface. In the middle droops
The strong laborious ox, of honest front,
While incomposed he shakes; and from his sides
The troublous insects lashes with his tail,
Returning still.

removed from them, and on a summer's day it comes as natural as possible to see them chewing the cud under the shade of some great leafy elm, whose branches shadow the meadow, or standing up to the belly in the water and evidently revelling in the coolness thereof.

Another point incidentally raised by these illustrations is the power of the camera to render scenery with as much beauty as the brush of the artist. The photographer is, no doubt, at a certain disadvantage in dealing with a mechanical contrivance. He cannot select and omit with the same freedom as a draftsman; but the compensation for this is that he has been obliged to seek out the picture in Nature, instead of composing it, as many artists do, from several scenes observed at different times. Of course, much may be done in the way of what is irreverently termed "faking," but this does not apply to the pictures before us at the present moment, which are genuine transcripts from Nature. It is the more surprising, therefore, to find that they possess many of the best characteristics of good landscape painting. Had they been composed in the manner of Constable, they could scarcely have been improved



C. Ridd.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE HILLS.

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IN THE SHADOW OF THE HILLS.

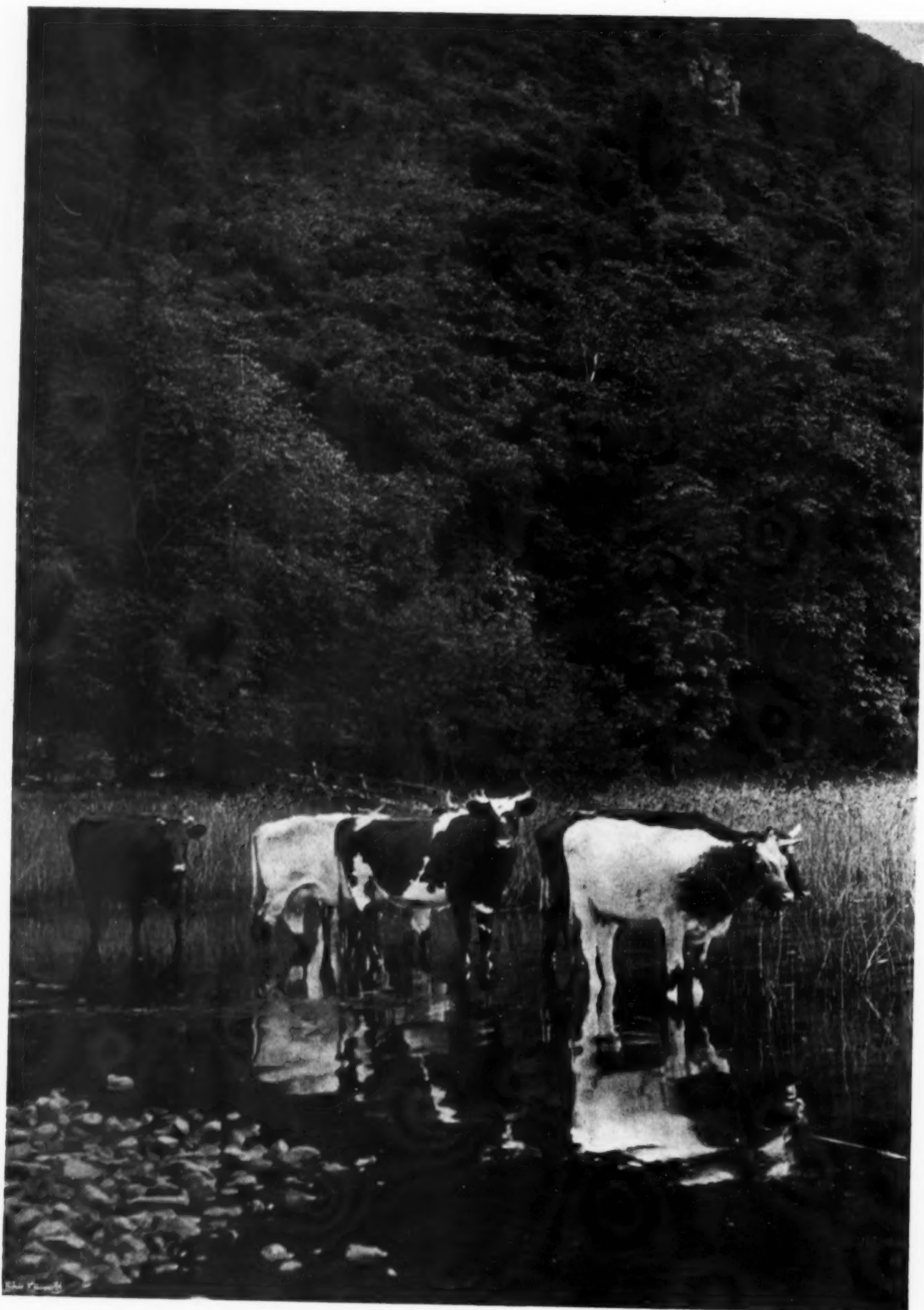


IN THE HEAT OF THE DAY.

G. Reid.

Copyright.

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C. Reid.

A COOL RETREAT.

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as far as subject and translation are concerned. The photographer has been fortunate in his country, but he considered all that before fixing on the district. All the elements of fine landscape are here presented naturally, such as fertile meadows, running water overgrown with weeds and bulrushes, distant and picturesque mountains looking down on the scene, and that

atmosphere of still happiness which is associated with a hot summer day. There is only one thing that spoils such pictures as we have shown, and that is the torment of flies which will often disturb the meditations of the tranquil cow and send her flying distractedly about the field, suggesting an inferno rather than a paradise.

THE MAKING OF WORDSWORTH.

NO greater tribute was ever offered at the shrine of a poet than the book written by the Rev. Eric Robertson and published by Clutton and Windus. The work is excellent but the title "Wordsworthshire" not one of the best. It seems to have been taken from

a note-book of James Russell Lowell, from which our author quotes very freely. It might give the impression that Mr. Robertson had only written a super or guide-book to be companion to the ephemeral publications about the "Land of Scott," the "Country of Burns," "Tennyson Land" and "Jefferies Land"; whereas the book in reality is a most careful and well-informed study of the influences that went to make Wordsworth, and of the correlation between his personality and the poetry he produced. The subject is well worth study because "the peasant," as Matthew Arnold called him, stands out as a lonely and distinguished figure amid the personalities of the early nineteenth century, a figure that fame was powerless to spoil or vulgarise. "The Prince of Connoisseurs," which was Goldwin Smith's penetrating description of Arnold, could not have tempted him to become one of the club-haunting celebrities of the day. Mr. Robertson takes as the central fact in Wordsworth's life his renunciation of Inglewood Forest. We have only to contrast the environment and conditions of Sir Walter Scott, another great Borderer, with those of Wordsworth to understand our author's meaning. Scott was born into the atmosphere of Border traditions, Border story, Border scenery and Border ballad. He drank in the romance of them all as a child drinks its mother's milk, and he breathed it out again later in verse and prose. But Inglewood Forest contained as much of the material from which romance is made as Jed Forest. The Derwent and the Eamont are as much clothed with tradition as the Yarrow and the Teviot. Inglewood Forest itself was a wide tract of country which stretched from the Solway to the German Ocean at Tyne-mouth, its breadth represented by the distance between Carlisle and Appleby. Whatever there is romantic in English history is connected in some way with this district. The Irish Celts came here by way of Iona in Scotland and fought

their early battles within a short distance of Penrith. At Old Penrith, too, the Romans erected a strong fort, and the remains of their camps and highways are still visible to the antiquarian. After the Romans came the Teutons to harry and, finally, to settle. Saxon and Dane fought out some of their sternest quarrels here. The remains of keeps and castles show to what use the



F. H. Evans.

ON THE ROAD TO WATENDLATH

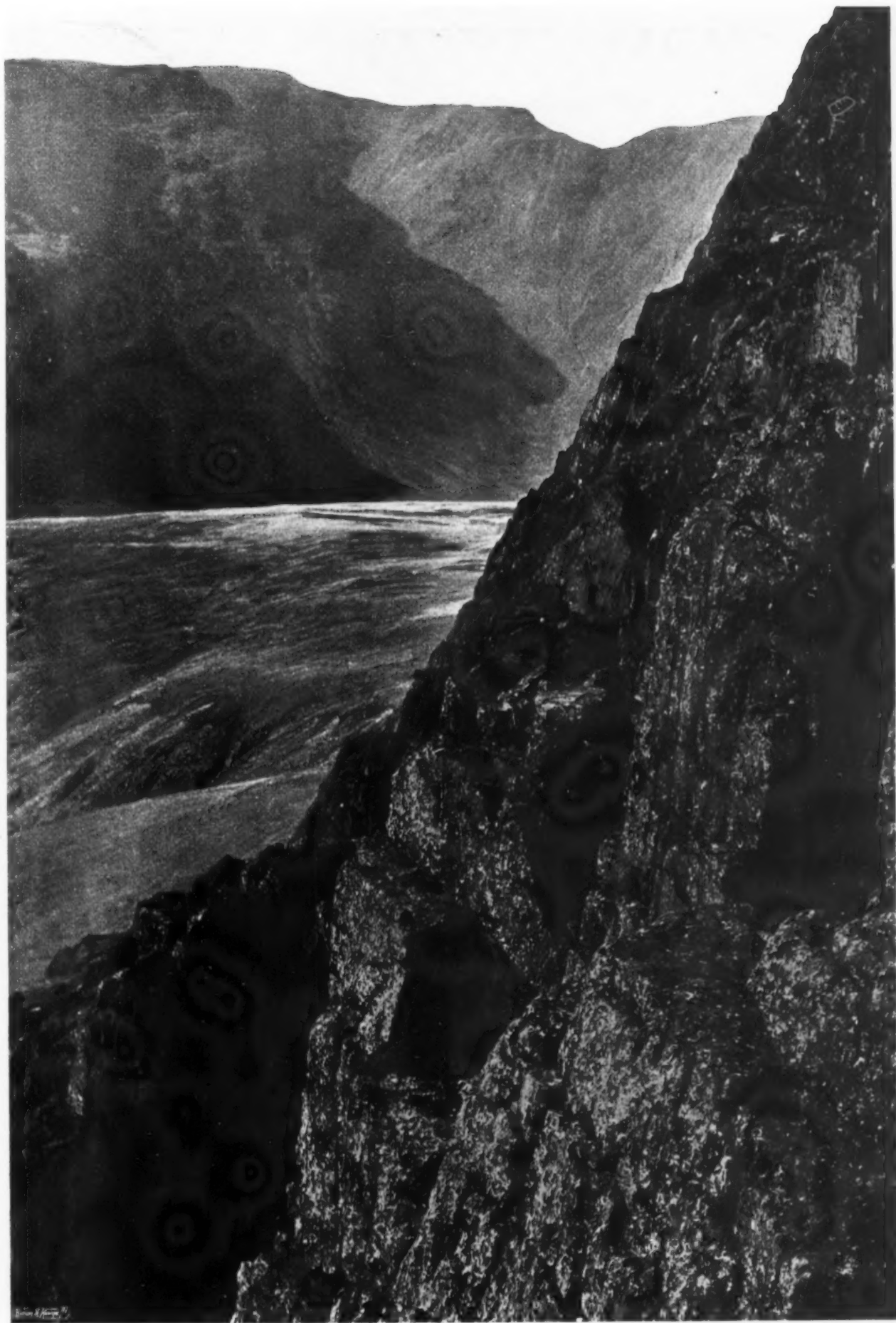
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WORDSWORTH'S COUNTRY: GREAT GABLE FROM WASTDALE.

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WORDSWORTH'S COUNTRY: FROM SCAFELL PIKE

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"THE WOODS OF WESTERMAIN."

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Normans put it, and so we come on to the romantic era of the ballads, when Cumberland and Northumberland formed the scene of stirring "fira and foraie." It has its associations with Queen Mary, and every reader of "Redgauntlet" will associate the Solway Sands with the Jacobite risings. To put it in a sentence, Wordsworth had in Inglewood Forest all the stuff out of which Sir Walter Scott wove the Waverley Novels and the best of his poems. How was it that Scott in almost exactly the same circumstances became a romantic, while Wordsworth was an idealist? We must look to several quarters for the answer. First, there is inheritance. Scott came of a hard fighting clan; he was proud to name among his ancestors Scott of Harden, or "Beardie," as he was called; and although his father was a lawyer in the Court of Session, he still nourished many of those feudal ideas which persisted longer in Scotland than they did on the other side of the Border. The imagination of Scott was suffused from an early age with pictures of the Border wars and moss-troopers, and Abbotsford was the embodiment in stone of his dreams. But Wordsworth came of very different lineage. His father was a solicitor and his grandmother, though a Crackanthorpe, had married a Cookson, a silk mercer. Indeed, Dorothy Wordsworth sometimes served in her grandfather's shop.

Mr. Robertson puts it in this way: "They had very good blood in their veins, from both sides of the family, but their early *milieu* was bourgeois; all through life, to state matters plainly, they were democratic to a degree that put them out of touch with Newbiggin." Besides being bourgeois, Wordsworth in early life was radical almost to the point of being a revolutionist. The country in which he was brought up is one in which, even now, there are comparatively few richer and few poorer than the others. In his time, they were a democracy of little farmers, where class distinctions were not admitted and to whom feudalism, or what they considered feudalism, was abhorrent.

Wordsworth was born in 1770, and during his boyhood he had many opportunities of seeing the soldiers who had come back, often wounded and always discouraged, from the American Wars. Thus, while Scott was a soldier in spirit and half a soldier in reality—do we not remember his wild career on horseback over the Portobello sands?—Wordsworth hated war and was in sympathy with the revolution. It is easy to see, then, what great reason he had for renouncing Inglewood and the romance that Inglewood meant. He tried to pass by the small accidents of the hour and fix his mind on the everlasting and unchanging. Further than that, Wordsworth did not possess that human sympathy which was so characteristic of Sir Walter Scott. It is told of the latter that when he visited Mr. James Hogg and laid his hands on the head of one of the children with a "God bless you, my dear," the mother wept because he had not done it to all the rest. And even now to go into the Waverley country is to feel what Scott was among his neighbours—a frank, social, brotherly man, rejoicing with them, sorrowing with them, ready and even eager at all times to hear the tales of distress or prosperity. Wordsworth was the very opposite: he stood aloof from his neighbours; his communings with Nature were solitary and beyond the circle of humanity. As a consequence, much as he made of the dale and the dale folk, he was nothing to them. Even in the pleasures of life he was different. Dorothy and he could rejoice over a loaf of dry bread and a brave bottle of brandy, but they took no care for the morrow or the coming guest. When Sir Walter and Hogg went on a visit they had to seek hospitality at the inn, because their host and hostess did not seem to think there was any need for eating and drinking in this world. Yet how Sir Walter loved to set himself or his characters down to a venison pasty, and a bottle of old claret from which the yellow seal had been removed! His companion, the Ettrick Shepherd, was at least as fond of good meat and drink as of good verses.

The conclusion at which Mr. Robertson arrives is logical and convincing; but there may be some dispute as to the accuracy with which he uses the phrase "the renunciation of Inglewood." A man can renounce only what belongs to him, and there is no evidence to show that Wordsworth had any natural inclination for the sort of romance that delighted Sir Walter Scott. Two well-known passages placed beside one another will make this clear. In the Introduction to the Canto Third of "Marmion":

While stretch'd at length upon the floor,
Again I fought each combat o'er,
Pebbles and shells, in order laid;
The mimic ranks of war display'd;
And onward still the Scottish Lion bore,
And still the scatter'd Southron fled before.

Far different were the thoughts that came into the mind of the young Wordsworth. He cared nothing for the romance that

filled Scott's life. "The regal sceptre and the pomp of orders and degrees" had never dazzled him. All that he thought about them was that "the best ruled not" and that "they ought to rule." A passage in the prelude gives us a clear insight into the working of his young mind:

To every natural form, rock, fruit, or flower,
Even the loose stones that cover the highway,
I gave a moral life: I saw them feel,
Or linked them to some feeling: the great mass
Lay bedded in a quickening soul, and all
That I beheld respired with inward meaning.
Add that whate'er of Terror or of Love
Or Beauty Nature's daily face put on
From transitory passion, unto this
I was as sensitive as waters are
To the sky's influence in a kindred mood
Of passion: was as obedient as a lute
That waits upon the touches of the wind.

The great novelist was content to dwell upon the small mystifications of life and the romance of love and war; Wordsworth's loftier intellect carried him into regions where he was confronted with the great and eternal mysteries. And his romance did not lie in the world of knight errantry, but in the sleep that is among the lonely hills, the murmur of the brook and the colour of the blossom. Scott is to be found at his best in the lists at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, or in the battle-piece of "Marmion"; while Wordsworth touches his greatest heights when he is musing on the intimations of immortality or allowing his mind to dwell on the

old unhappy, far off things,
And battles long ago,

suggested by the singing of a Highland maiden.

Scott's philosophy of life is summed up in the well-known motto:

Sound, sound the clarion, till the file,
To all the martial world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

While Wordsworth was ever dwelling on:

Those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a Creature
Moving about in worlds not realised.

Such is the argument developed in this book; but we have only shown its rude and bare lines. The essential facts are emblazoned with a wealth of detail about the character of the Wordsworth country, the nature of its inhabitants and people, its folk-lore and literature, which could only have been gleaned during a long course of years by one who was a lifelong and devoted admirer of the poet.

LES CHIMÈRES DE NOTRE DAME

The devil leans out over Paris. Says he:—

"Sweetly on sin have I supped,
For I look upon men like the Lord, and I see,
I see that their hearts are corrupt.

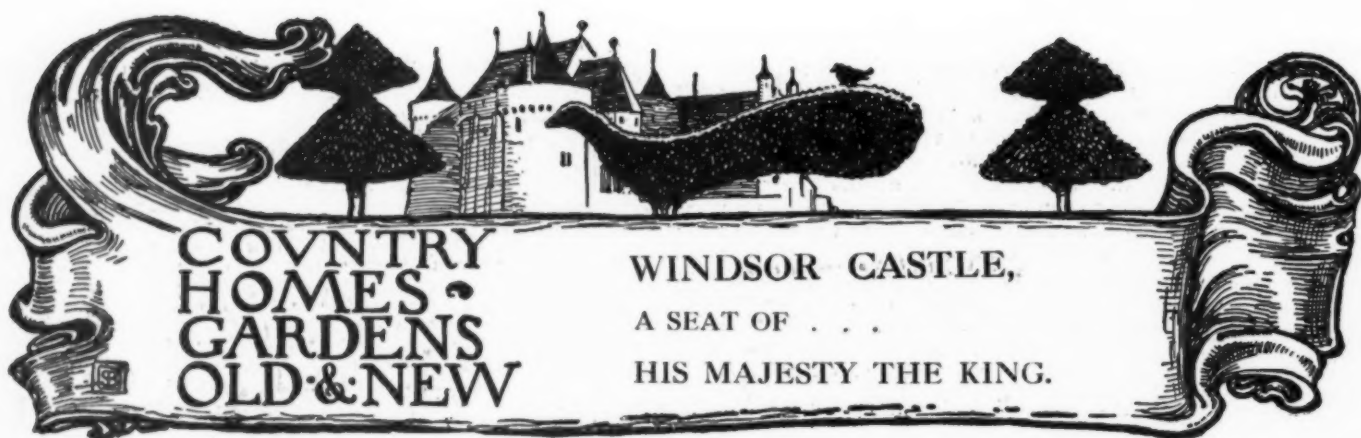
"Little as mice from above they are shown
With their innocent dogs and their carts;
But that which rejoices my nostrils of stone
Is the rotten sweet smell of their hearts.

"Under the roofs in uncountable pile
My banqueting eyeballs behold
Deep in their hearts what is secret and vile
And obscene, as I knew it of old.

"Mocking, at ease, with my hands on my chin,
I have watched as the centuries waste;
Centuries since I was sated with sin,
But still I am pleased with the taste.

"Neither the sun, nor the rain, nor the snow
My vigil shall interrupt,
For I look on the Earth like the Lord, and I know,
I know that the Earth is corrupt."

FRANCES CORNFORD



[We cannot print the following article on Windsor Castle without expressing our most humble and most respectful thanks to His Majesty the King for acceding to the request to permit us last month to take special photographs for this number—a request founded on the belief that the only appropriate English Home for our Coronation Number was the great and historic residence of the Kings of England.]

THE approaching Coronation ceremonies, prepared with so much antiquarian research, serve to remind us that Windsor Castle is the only really ancient home of our kings that remains as one of their residences. So ancient is it that the present Royal apartments occupy the site and much of the structure of the "Third King's House," and the age of the first and second of these may be realised when we remember that even the third dates back to the fourteenth century. It was the quadrangular palace built for Edward III. during the surveyorship of William of Wykeham, and of which the south side was allocated to the great hall where his new Knights of St. George were to meet for feasting as they gathered for worship in the new-built chapel that lay below. The chapel was again rebuilt by Edward IV., and since then has preserved its ancient aspect and fittings; but the hall, and the Royal apartments that are grouped about it, have gone through two most drastic renovations. The true Gothic of Wykeham gave way to the true Renaissance of May, and this again was almost overwhelmed by the mock mediævalism of a Wyatt. Wherever we turn we meet with the disastrous touch of that member of the family who, when he set to work to house George IV. in "the Gothic taste," could no longer be called plain Mr. Wyatt, but blossomed forth as Sir Jeffry Wyatville. Though his original estimate of cost was exceeded to an extent that much alarmed Parliament, and thus he was enabled to deal universally with the exterior, yet he failed to transform the whole of the apartments, so that a certain

proportion of the fine work of Charles II.'s time has survived the wreckage inaugurated in 1824. It is to this that we desire to draw attention.

The Tudors to some extent left their mark upon the Third King's House, for in the north-west corner we find the date and initials of Elizabeth over a doorway, and, though sadly "restored," the great bay windows of the period still stand. But on the whole Wykeham's palace subsisted through the Early Renaissance Age, so that Pepys in 1666 declared it to be "the most romantique castle that is in the world." No one, however, at that time wished to be housed romantically. The fashions of the past, if they made any appeal at all, appealed only to abstract sentiment, and an arbiter of taste like John Evelyn dismissed the Castle as "melancholy and of ancient magnificence." The "merry monarch," after he came into his own in 1660, had no fancy for a "melancholy" habitation, and determined to transform the decaying Gothic castle into a sumptuous palace in the manner of those he had seen arising while an exile in France and the Low Countries. This proved to be one of the few schemes that the easy-going and extravagant king succeeded in fully accomplishing; and had the work then done remained untouched, we should have had as complete an example of the best that could be accomplished under him as Hampton Court affords of the maturer work of many of the same artists and craftsmen in the reign of William and Mary.

Fortunately, enough remains to show us how Hugh May designed, Grinling Gibbons carved and Verrio painted. It is curious how little we know of Hugh May. He is ignored by "The Dictionary of National Biography," and is unnoticed in Mr. Blomfield's book on "English Renaissance Architecture." The fact is that Horace Walpole mistook him for quite a different man, and his personality has never since been quite disentangled



WINDSOR CASTLE IN THE 18TH CENTURY.



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OVER THE FIREPLACE IN THE PRESENCE CHAMBER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

With one exception, Hugh May is mentioned in the Vertue MSS. without any Christian name, and we find written in the margin—by Walpole probably—the letters "Bap." Baptist May was an entirely different man. He was Keeper of the Privy Purse to Charles II. and his frequent companion at the evening revels in the Royal mistresses's apartments. Following Walpole, "The Dictionary of National Biography" tells us that "he was made Clerk of the Works under Sir Christopher Wren at Windsor Castle, and undertook extensive alterations and repairs there in 1671." Now, Sir Christopher Wren had no official position at Windsor Castle or any hand in the work there till

1684, and it was not till then—a time when nothing of importance beyond ordinary upkeep was going on—that Baptist May was his Clerk of the Works. On the other hand, Hugh May was appointed Paymaster to the King's Works in 1660, and later on was Controller of the Works at Windsor. It was at his death only that Wren succeeded to this post, although he had followed Sir John Denham as Surveyor-General in 1669. We learn from Pepys that Hugh May was disappointed—as was also John Webb—at not himself getting this more important appointment. It would seem, however, that the post that Talman afterwards held when he interfered so much with Wren at

Hampton Court was given to Hugh May, for the brass that commemorates him in Mid-Lavant Church styles him "Comptroller of the Works to King Charles the Second; Comptroller of the Castle of Windsor and, by his Maytie, appointed to be sole Architect in Contriving and governing the works in the great alterations made by his Maytie in that Castle." When, therefore, Evelyn tells us that he had, on Grinling Gibbons' behalf, "bespoke his Mayty of his worke at Windsor, which my friend Mr. May the architect there was going to alter and repair universally," it is to Hugh and not to Bap. May that he refers.

It was in January, 1671, that Evelyn discovered Grinling Gibbons carving a "large cartoon or crucifix of Tintoret," and was so struck with "the curiosity of handling, drawing and studious exactness" of what he saw that he not only took the young artist to the King's presence, but also brought him to the notice of Wren and of May. Except that he was certainly born in Amsterdam in 1648, and probably came to England fifteen years later, we know very little of his early career, and nothing of the influences amid which he learnt his art. But from the moment that Evelyn became his enthusiastic patron he looms large in the annals of the decorative arts of his age. He at once established himself as premier designer and carver in wood, and was employed also as a sculptor in stone and marble. In the latter material we may still see his handiwork at Windsor in the pedestal of the statue of Charles II., and in the sundial that is here illustrated. But it is as a wood-carver that he excelled, and the finest of his later work came from his association with Wren at St. Paul's and Hampton Court. Hugh May, however, was able to give him earlier opportunities of proving his worth, for he called him in to his assistance in the remodelling of Cassiobury for the Earl of Essex and of Windsor for the King, upon both of which undertakings he was engaged when Evelyn introduced him.

We do not depend merely upon casual entries



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OVER THE EAST DOOR OF THE PRESENCE CHAMBER. "COUNTRY LIFE."

in Evelyn's diary for our knowledge of what Hugh May and those under him did at the Royal Castle by Thames side. The story may be fully pieced together from the accounts preserved in the Record Office. Repairs were going on as early as 1670, but these merely touched the fringe of the operations which May was then projecting, and it is not until 1675 that William Roberts the receiver presents his first accounts for "Sundry Expenses and charges about Rebuilding ye King, Queene and Duke of Yorkes Lodgings."

While retaining much of the substance, May entirely transformed the appearance of the "Third King's House," and gave to the exterior the rather plain and reserved classic look shown in various drawings and prints dating from the eighteenth century, such as the one here illustrated. Brick was a leading material in the construction, and it is Morris Emmett, the master bricklayer afterwards employed by Wren at Hampton Court and Chelsea Hospital, who takes the first place in the early days of the work. But during the year that ends September, 1677, the joiners have been busy setting up wainscots and making doors and chimney-pieces "adorned with Cornish, Architrave, and Mouldings." When these are advanced, Gibbons comes upon the scene to complete their decoration. Thus Samuel Wyatt, Alexander Forth and John Turner are engaged as joiners on the same rooms as those enumerated in the following bill, which forms part of this year's accounts: "Grinling Gibbons and Henry Phillips Carvers for several sorts of carved workes by them performed upon the Chimney-peeces, Pedestalls and Picture frames of the Kings Greate and Little Bedchamber and Presence, his Maties Closett, Musicke Roome, Eating Room, withdrawing Roome and Backstaires, the Queenes withdrawing Roome, Bed Chamber and Gallery, and in iii^{re} roomes at the Dutchesse of Portsmouths Lodgings—As by Two bills 625^{li} 14^s 00d."

The French mistress evidently had to be accommodated before the heir-presumptive, for it is only in the next year's accounts that the two carvers make a charge for work done in the Duke and Duchess of York's rooms. The King and Queen's apartments are being continued, and the full sum charged is again over six hundred pounds. But this section of the Castle was then nearly complete, and only the Queen's Privy Chamber and the King's Drawing room are included in the small sum of sixty-three pounds five shillings charged in 1679. In that and all subsequent bills dealing with the carving at the Castle the name of Grinling Gibbons appears alone. Henry Phillips was



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IN THE AUDIENCE CHAMBER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

probably dead. He had long held the post of Master Carver to the King, and appears as a liveryman of the Joiners' Company as early as 1650. He had, therefore, been a master craftsman for over a quarter of a century before he was associated with Gibbons at Windsor. If then, as we might hastily surmise from that association, he and Gibbons were equally concerned with the carvings of 1677-78, why do we not find work of equal elegance and delicacy before this date? Why is it always—as, for instance, at Farnham Castle and at Pembroke College Chapel,



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IN THE AUDIENCE CHAMBER.

"C.L."

Cambridge—still as lumpy in execution as in the days of James and Charles I.? Must we not conclude that, though Phillips, as Master Carver, was associated with Gibbons, his work was quite subsidiary, and much like that of Robert Streeter, the King's Sergeant Painter, who sends in bills merely for varnishing wainscot and other such straightforward work, while "Seignior Verrio" was painting the ceilings and "Mounseir Coussin" was gilding. We must remember, too, that at this time Phillips' nephew, William Emmett, was already a liveryman of the Joiners' Company. Of him we find it recorded in Walpole's "Anecdotes of Painters" that he was "Sculptor to the Crown before Gibbons and had succeeded his uncle one Philips." But he was never associated with Gibbons, nor does his name appear in the Windsor accounts, except for the small item of six pounds eleven shillings and sixpence for carving done in the Queen's closet, and that after May's death and under the surveyorship of Wren, who soon afterwards employed him on a more liberal scale at Chelsea Hospital and Hampton Court.

Several of the rooms on which Gibbons and Phillips were engaged in 1677-78 have been very little altered, and it is therefore possible to give illustrations of the earliest work of Grinling Gibbons, of which the date is positively fixed by documentary record. That at Cassiobury, which appeared in *COUNTRY LIFE* last year, is almost certainly earlier; but the evidence on which this conclusion rests is conjectural. At both places the after-treatment of the carving makes it somewhat difficult to compare the technique with later examples in better condition. At Cassiobury the carvings have been stained and varnished; at Windsor they are painted over. It has the appearance of being a single very thin coat; but it is just enough to spoil the nervous delicacy of Gibbons' touch. It will be noticed that in the first bill presented by Gibbons and Phillips, the "Kings Eating Room," now known as the "Ante Room," is among the apartments mentioned. Here we still find the fittings such as Grinling Gibbons adorned them, only the south, or windowed, side having been altered by Wyatville or Salvin, who deemed it proper to take out the sashes and set in imitation mediæval tracery. Moreover, Salvin destroyed May's grand staircase and accommodated a new one of Gothic type in the court into which the "Eating Room" looked. The roofing over this court has made the room dark, and caused much difficulty in obtaining successful photographs. The form the room took was a square with a large recess at either end for convenience of service. These are top-lighted, and so the detail of the carving in one of them is admirably rendered. The room itself has a coved ceiling painted by Verrio. It represents a banquet of the gods, and is not only one of the best-preserved works of this artist, but also one of his finest productions. Although the manner and spirit of these great paintings of the age of Louis XIV. may not appeal to us as they did to art-lovers in Verrio's own day, yet the excellence of design, of colour and of touch in the ceiling of the Eating Room does enable us to understand the excessive praise of Evelyn and the position which this artist held. He was at work on the Eating Room and the other apartments of the King and Queen's suite at the same time that Gibbons and Phillips were carving, and his bill in the 1678 account amounts to two thousand four hundred and thirty pounds. The subject of the painting was apposite to the use intended for the room, and the carvings partake of the same character. They form a rich decorative composition, the wall panels being surrounded with swags, festoons and drops wherein appear all sorts of game, both feathered and furred, fishes and crustacea, fruit and other forms of food. These are grouped together and connected by ribbons and foliage wreaths in the masterly manner for which we must give Gibbons the credit of being the greatest exponent, and there is no doubt that if the paint were removed it would be found that the technique was as perfect here as in St. Paul's



"C.L."

DETAIL OF CARVING IN THE WESTERN RECESS OF THE KING'S ANTE-ROOM.

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OVER THE EAST DOOR OF THE THRONE ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and Hampton Court, Petworth and Belton, which form the most triumphant productions of his mature years. We know so little of him and of what he accomplished before his association with Hugh May that, like Minerva, he seems to appear on the scene fully equipped.

The design of the overmantel, where the carving surrounds Dominichino's St. Agnes, does not so fully insist upon the purpose of the room as the wall decorations. Fish and game are absent, and bunches of fruit are alternated by bouquets of flowers. The projection of some of these is fully one foot, so that the blocks of limewood out of which they are produced will consist of about half-a-dozen layers of limewood glued together, since the thickness of two inches was as much as it was considered wise to use for the planks prepared for this purpose. Careful examination reveals in a few cases the points of junction, despite the layer of paint; but without its removal it would be difficult to ascertain definitely the number of the layers.

Leaving the former Eating Room by what originally was



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IN THE KING'S ANTE-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

an upper window, and crossing the now roofed court at first-floor level, we enter the southern suite of State Apartments, of which the two at the west end are those termed, in the 1678 bill, the "Queen's Presence and Privy Chambers." Like the King's Eating Room, they have remained much as Hugh May contrived them and as they appear in Pyne's "Royal Residences," published just before the Wyattville alterations were begun. Pyne, however, leaves out much of the carvings. He shows it only about the mantel-pieces, although he tells us of "many carvings, serving as 'bordures' to the pictures," such as we still find. The room at the south-west corner of the building is now called the Audience Chamber, and here the carvings that surround the pictures over the doorways are the chief points displaying Grinling Gibbons' work. The portrait of Mary Queen of Scots holding a crucifix over a representation of her own execution at Fotheringhay called for a special environment, and her initials lie on outstretched wings and crossed trumpets of Fame surmounted by a Royal crown. An

oak leaf swag starts the profuse floral decoration that sweeps down each side of the portrait, and is similar in character to the schemes that enshrine Honthorst's portraits of two Princes of the House of Orange, one of which is illustrated, and represents William II. (afterwards the husband of Charles I.'s daughter and father of William III.) as a boy "in a Spanish costume of violet-coloured satin, with collar and cuffs of rich lace; he wears a hat with

of fruit and flowers, held together by a bay leaf rope, which an eagle, with outstretched wings, grasps in its beak. An eagle thus devised was much liked by Gibbons as the centre of his chimney-piece compositions, but more especially in his early days, so that it occurs with frequency at Cassiobury. Surrounded by his carving over the west door is Lely's portrait of Frances Duchess of Richmond, perhaps the most beloved of all Charles II.'s



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IN THE CLOISTERS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

feathers of pink and white, and buskins of buff leather lined with red." Although only fifteen when he married, the portrait will have been painted rather earlier.

In the Presence Chamber, which opens eastward out of the Audience Chamber, Mignard's portrait of Charlotte Duchess of Orleans and her children is richly surrounded with a festooning

ladies. There was a moment when it was thought she might become his queen, and when he heard of her private marriage with the Duke of Richmond he was "beside himself with rage." Still more distinctive of Gibbons' style is the central feature of the composition over the east doorway, framing a portrait of the Duke of Gloucester. It is a very large



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APPROACH TO THE NORMAN GATE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and elaborate example of those whorled scrolls which were the singular and unrivalled invention of the great master-carver. Through this eastern doorway lay the Queen's Guardroom, and beyond that, completing the south side, were the House Chapel and St. George's Hall. All this range of buildings are now deplorable examples of George IV. Gothic, and no other room need be mentioned, in considering the association of Hugh May and Gibbons at Windsor, except the apartment on the north side which was the King's Presence Chamber, and is now called the Throne Room. The chimney-piece shows Gibbons' manner of introducing folded and fringed draperies

amid his flowers and other natural objects. To this he grew more and more partial, and it is very noticeable at Hampton Court. The carved panels used as over-doors are interesting. Here we again find the whorl device, while a charming example of Gibbons' treatment of the human figure is over the east door, and represents St. George and the Dragon, with an oak leaf device to the right and one of bay leaves to the left. It would have been more appropriate in St. George's Hall, and may have been moved from there, a remark which also applies to the chimney-piece, of which the central device is the Garter badge below the Royal crown. Much that Wyatville tore out of the chapel



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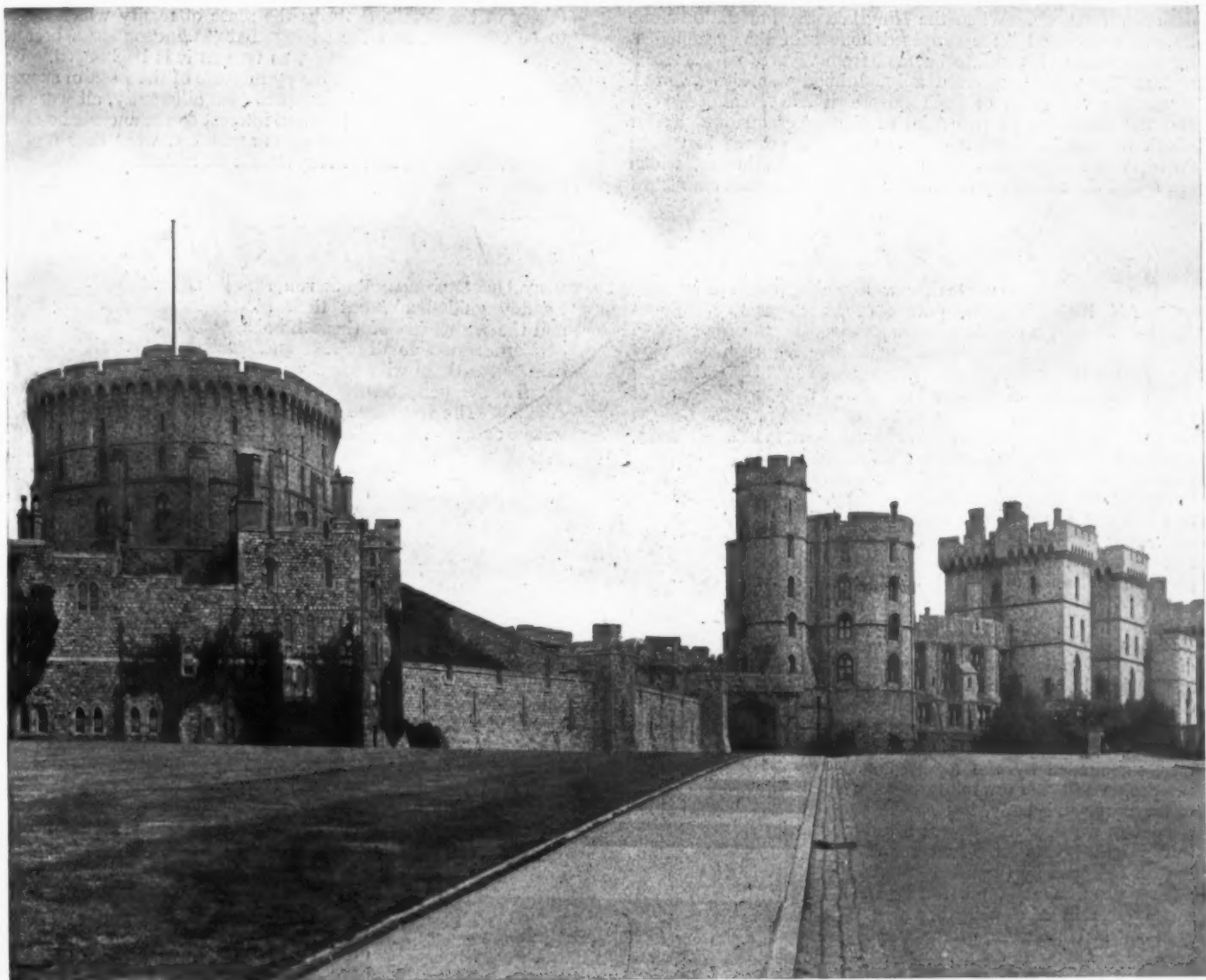
PART OF THE NORTH TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

has found its way into the Waterloo Chamber. Around the doorways are the "Laurel and Palms" alluded to in the chapel account and seen in Pyne's view. There are also many exquisitely-carved compositions for panels, but these are now set on a disagreeable and unsympathetic cross-hatched gilt ground. They have lost their original disposition and arrangement, and are covered with brown and shiny matter. They can give no possible pleasure to any human being, and it is painful to think of the depravity of taste which has brought them down to their present condition. All round this vast room we find the wreckage of some of Grinling Gibbons' best work, and another of his splendid whorled scrolls may be noticed over Lawrence's portrait of Lord Liverpool.

What we have lost may be gathered both from Gibbons' bill and from contemporary descriptions. To the King's Chapel Gibbons passed on after he had finished the Royal suite, and his bill for the work appears in the accounts of 1680-82. The seats were, as usual, of oak, with enriched mouldings and other

any age." In William III.'s time Celia Fiennes made her first inspection of the interior of Windsor. She, like Evelyn, begins in praise of Verrio, but refers to the King's Chapel as having "the most Exactest workmanship in ye wood Carving, which is the pattern and masterpiece of all such work, both in figures, fruitages, beasts, birds, flowers, all sorts see thin ye wood, and all white natural wood without varnish." This reference to the condition in which the carvings were left should be noticed. She also tells us that "all the roomes in all ye house is plaine unvarnished oake Wainscoate which Lookes very neate." In many other places where she sees Gibbons' carvings she specially repeats the same words. It is clear, therefore, that Gibbons was totally opposed to stain, paint, varnish, or any other colouring or covering to the virgin wood as his chisel left it. Only in its natural state did he consider it as rightly representing his conception of design and his manner of handling. Only those examples, therefore, that have either never been tampered with, as, for instance, the carvings at St. Paul's and at Hampton



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THE CASTLE FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

carvings, while the large plain surfaces were ornamented with applied limewood carvings. That is clear from the wording of the bill, which speaks of "carving work done and laid upon twenty-eight seats and stalls." Fruit, flowers, palms, laurels, pelicans and pigeons were selected as the most appropriate emblems and subjects. The King's seat was naturally treated with great magnificence. We hear of "6 vases with Thistles, Roses, and two Boyes," besides laurels and palms, drapery and fruit, flowers and stars. The altar was also richly treated, and the total charge approaches five hundred pounds. It was the portion of Gibbons' work at Windsor which attracted most attention, and is universally mentioned by visitors. Evelyn saw it in March, 1683. The Verrio paintings of the Resurrection, the Ascension and the Last Supper come in for the first burst of admiration, but equal praise is given to "the stupendous and beyond all description the incomparable carving of our Gibbons, who is, without controversie, the greatest master both for invention and rarenesse of worke, that the world ever had in

Court, or that have been carefully, judiciously and lovingly brought back to their original state, like those at Belton, can be held to exhibit the work of the master as he intended us to see it. All the rest—namely, all that we find remaining at Windsor and in numerous other places—have lost their true value as works of art, for they have lost the tone, the aspect and the delicacy which the artist gave them and expected that they should continue to possess. But the evil done can be repaired, as the late Mr. Rogers proved by his successful treatment of the Belton carvings, and it is a reproach to us as a wealthy and intelligent nation that we allow our Government to leave those examples which are under their care in the degraded condition that we find at Windsor.

The strong affection shown by William and Mary for Hampton Court threw Windsor into the shade; but though Anne also liked Hampton, she by no means neglected Windsor. Much had been left unfinished by her uncle, and this she completed, employing her favourite painter, Sir James Thornhill,

to decorate the grand staircase with subjects taken from Ovid's "Metamorphoses," and expending forty thousand pounds in the first eight years of her reign. After her time followed another period of neglect, which was brought to a close by the first stirrings of the neo-Gothic revival. We hear that George III. "entertained designs for restoring the structure to something in accordance with its original character," and James Wyatt was appointed surveyor in 1796. But only a little was done, such as the introduction of Gothic tracery into some of May's windows and the substitution of a "Gothic staircase" for the one which he had erected and which Thornhill had decorated. It was not, however, till after the old King had passed away in 1820 that large works were undertaken. When George IV. took up his residence at the Castle three years later he was full of the plan "of rendering Windsor a residence worthy of the Sovereign and the country," and the Chancellor of the Exchequer was bidden to get a grant from Parliament. One hundred and fifty thousand pounds was obtained, and Jeffrey Wyatt received the King's instructions to make designs for the desired alterations. When the King laid the foundation-stone he also sanctioned "the supposed honour of the meaningless augmentation of his architect's name from Wyatt to Wyatville," and as the work progressed a knighthood was also granted. Meanwhile the ideas of both Sovereign and architect grew, and the alteration of two sides of the upper quadrangle, for which the one hundred and fifty thousand pounds had been voted, was merged into more comprehensive schemes, which multiplied the cost many times over and left the work unfinished

when the King died. It was continued under his successors, and the result has been to give a completely refurbished look to the whole mass of buildings. Even while Gothic "restorations" were still in the air, an observant critic remarked that "Windsor Castle loses a great deal of its architectural impression by the smooth neatness with which its old towers are now chiselled and mortared. It looks as if it was washed every morning with soap and water instead of exhibiting here and there a straggling flower or creeping weather stains." Of course, the "restoration" plea was as deceptive as the original estimate of cost. George IV. had no intention of living under the conditions that prevailed under Edward III. It was laid down that "the style of a genuine feudal castle and fortress is fitter at the present day for a prison than a palace; it has accordingly been more or less softened down." The "softening down" meant nothing short of a total loss of the whole spirit that animated mediæval builders. It rings false. There is an air of pretence about all that Wyatville did within and without. Despite the size and solidity of every part of the structure, the falsity of the details destroys the sense of reality which ought to be conveyed, and the saying that "Windsor looks best at a distance" is, unfortunately, as true as it is hackneyed. We can never get back to that happy mixture of the work of successive generations, who if they wrought differently, all wrought truly, which gave distinction and interest to the ancient home of our Kings up to a hundred years ago. But what does remain of both Wykeham and of May should be zealously guarded and preserved.

T.

A GLIMPSE OF SAN GIMIGNANO.

ILLUSTRATED BY PENCIL SKETCHES SPECIALLY DRAWN BY MR. MUIRHEAD BONE FOR THIS ARTICLE.

SAN BENEDETTO, patron of March 21st, have you brought all your swallows from over the sea? Will they now nestle and fly with the merriest cries of joy on the towers of San Gimignano? This is a wintry beginning of spring, but it was a spring-like end of winter when we went up the tower of the White Lion. On the first-floor loggia we had seen the inn-keeper, la bella Raffaella, darning her children's stockings, but soon we forgot her good looks, for twelve more towers stood arrayed in the vivid sky, and the country and the orchards were all a-bloom. We gazed at them with intense delight; then, while the artist's pencil leapt in his pocket at the sight of some of the old glorious masonry, we went on to Santa Fina.

Her body is hidden in a chapel of the Collegiata, on whose walls she has twice been painted by Domenico Ghirlandajo; first, when she receives the announcement of her coming death; then, on the funeral day, while she lies on her bier, surrounded by the dignitaries and the people and the towers of her native town. Soul and body, her native town is bent in a sorrowful prayer; a sense of things and hearts crowding round the dead is obtained by the painter with only a few figures. One of the towers in his fresco ends in a cuspid that does not exist now. His setting of the scene—an open Renaissance chapel with airy mediæval pilasters, the bier in the centre—looks fanciful and unreal, therefore most pleasing.

Too unreal, however, is the whole thing for a lady tourist near us. She remarked that Santa Fina, according to Baedeker, had died at the age of fifteen, while the woman painted by Ghirlandajo must be at least twenty-five. We said "Indeed!" and went round the Collegiata. This is one of the finest churches in Tuscany; not only born beautiful, but practically unspoilt. It does not enshrine within its walls the numberless masterpieces of Siena Cathedral, but how much nobler, though simpler, in general texture! Massive, yet lofty stone pillars with Romanesque capitals, fine vaulting of the three naves, and an intense glow of frescoes all round, many of them touchingly primitive. Their subjects, Biblical, allegorical, sacred, are illustrated at length

by any guide-book, but their pictorial and decorative effect and the expression of those human figures due to the brush of Barna, Bartolo di Fredi and Benozzo, appeal even—or chiefly—to those who travel without a guide-book.

To the perfect interior corresponds the harmony of the outside. The front and sides are nothing but blank walls of well-cut stones and well-knit bricks, pierced with as few windows

as possible. The proportion of their *ensemble* is as exquisite as that of some old melody, and one realises, face to face with that simplicity, which stupid onlookers might even call monotony, why the greatest architects talk about their art in musical terms. Two square entrances bear, a foot or so above their architraves, two semi-circular, three-edged, empty niches, echoing with their curves the effect of three eyes higher up, and of the blinded arch on the crown. Each door stands on six steps that spread broadly downwards at the summit of a wide flight of rhythmical steps that embraces and lifts up the whole front. Its solemn movement makes you listen instinctively for the notes of some majestic organ inside. Fortunately, however, we were spared all music in San Gimignano, but that of bells and lines and colour. On the very evening of our arrival, the artist sat on a bench of the Piazza, under the Torre Rognosa, with the deep shadow of the Arch and Palazzo del Podesta on our left, and facing that mysterious corner which rests on the Arco di San Giovanni and links to the church the Palace of the Commune, its balconata and its tower, essayed a charcoal nocturne.

Which one is the finest of the three main squares? That of the Cisterna, with its jewel-like little palaces and fascinating old well, the Piazza proper, with all the most important buildings set round it, or the least square in shape of the three, that spreads between San Piero and Sant' Agostino? The first deserves a well-modulated ballade, the second a garland of sonnets, but the third a pensive canzone and the vigilance of an English policeman.

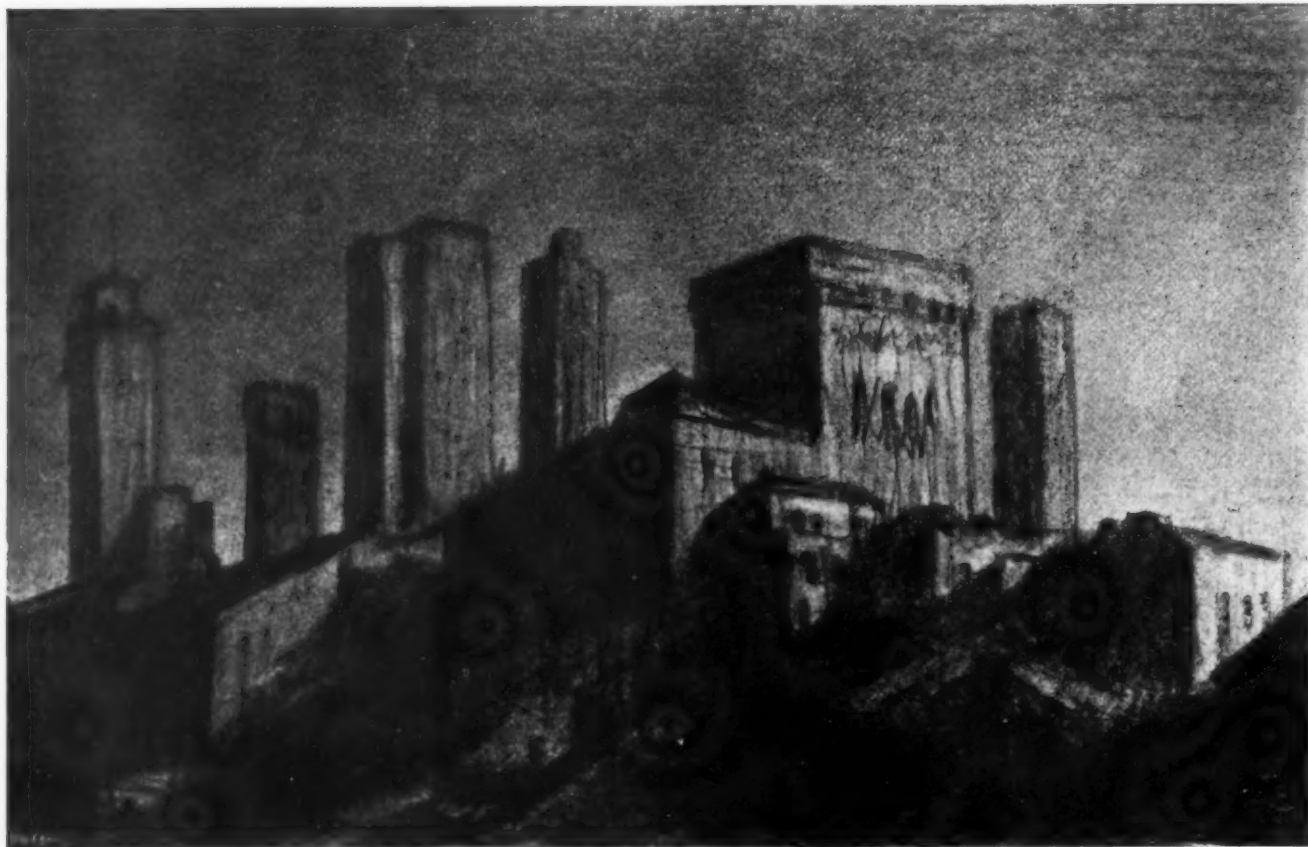
Santa Fina, you may have preserved San Gimignano from the plague, as did Saint Sebastian on some other occasion, and was rewarded by the art of Benozzo in Saint Augustine (four



TORRI SALVUCCI.



FROM THE TOWER OF THE ALBERGO LEON BIANCO.



MOONLIGHT.

saints in a sentence! I cannot help it on these Tuscan hills), yet you might have granted your kinsmen another grace, to give them for ever a gentle heart. Between San Piero and Sant' Agostino, on the grassy brick steps that divide the square into two portions, we saw children burning a rat alive, as earnest as if they had been Americans and the rat a negro. They did not take any notice of my remark that it was ghastly, and one volunteered to call the sacrestano with the keys of the church. We were not in a hurry. The rat was dead; the children looked again quite humane; the sun was shining; a smith sang and hammered at his corner shop; and a splendid hexagonal well of old granite offered us the comfortable seat of its three steps. In the patina of walls mellowed by sun and rain, in the chance grouping of buildings there is a charm which we felt it our duty to appreciate, as bidden by the artist so to do. Benozzo and Benedetto da Majano, Piero Franceschi and Bartolo di Fredi could all wait inside there, but those heavy bags of charcoal, leaning in rows against the side of San Piero, and the mule harness, embroidered in red and studded with brass, could be removed any moment or look insignificant under another light. The children, rather puzzled, watched us and watched the charcoal bags; then a bright suspicion enlightened their minds. Perhaps we had detected another rat there behind! They went to hunt for it, and we went to look at Pier di Francesco's Madonna.

Murray calls it poor work. Wrong this time! The artist, through his primitive emotion, has realised a divine vision. Not far from his picture is the carved Madonna and Child by Benedetto da Majano, in a touch of fruits and cherubs, worshipped by two half-kneeling angels; work as beautiful and delicate as a rare flower, but what a difference between its artistic emotion and that of Piero's picture! In this is the spirit that for the sake of pure expression wraps itself in as little materiality as possible, in the former the loveliest material asserting its joyful qualities while it rises to touch a divine idea. Was it not an analogous ascension that gave blessedness to the poet "in the middle of life's path"?

The Idea seeking incarnation on this earth and our earth rising, as if in contemplation, towards the Idea! This is probably the deep meaning of any beauty man is fit to understand. A variety of phenomena often disguises it or adds touches to it. San Gimignano's charm is perchance due to the simplicity with which it expresses it. With a slender vertical



FROM THE VOLTERRA ROAD.

gesture the town rises on the top of a solid hill, in itself not very high, but standing high among its neighbours. The site was chosen because of its strength, the walls and towers were built in view of sieges and feuds, rudimentary necessities and business considerations gave its slopes and distant woods their agricultural asset, and the old country roads were cut as short as possible and often as steep as possible. Whence did Beauty come? It is not only the climate, the light of ages and our



PORTONE ANTICO DEI BECCI.

inner poetry that creates it. When in sweet early March you are confronted with the distant sight of San Gimignano, as, on one's way from Poggibonsi you emerge from the green estuary between Ricasoli and La Canonica, or looking at it from the shuddering cypress grove of Pietrafitta, you get an impression of sunlit, suave preciousness; then, on looking from nearer, and noticing everywhere the strokes of thought and the pursuit of quality, you confirm through the details your impression of the whole. Evidently the builder and the landowner, while preoccupied with matter-of-fact achievements, happened to think as well of how things might look; and they chose to express strength and dignity by means of fine stones, noble proportions, massive shapes in all their ironwork, from the house doorway to the portcullis of the town's gate. Materials were so disposed that, while performing their function, they gave as often as possible a decorative effect, and this was especially the case with brick, employed as it was to show delicate traceries in the paving of squares, on window arches and architraves. Then, following the same notion, there grew in the fields outside orderly hedges, strong retaining walls, evergreen groves to mark the site of sanctuaries and villas, and the cypress stood like a musical pause among the rhythm of the olive rows. Modern caretakers of this glorious spot have made several mistakes; to begin with the sort of unnatural, retrospective exhibition look they have given to the Palace of the Commune, to end with the invasion of meaningless patriotic names badly placarded at the corners of old streets and squares. Fancy Piazza Cavour instead of Piazza della Cisterna, Piazza Vittorio Emanuele instead of della Collegiata! It is a case of avowing: "Amisimus nomina rerum." But the murmur of perennial fountains that flow under the town foundations speaks of eternal hope, even for Beauty.

As from the Porta delle Fonti, the heart full of faith, you climb slowly in the moonlight towards the lights, another cathedral, that looks the most powerfully shaped on earth, stands suddenly on your left, with its gigantic Norman features, its shadows occupying the clear sky as vastly as human thoughts. After a pause of the imagination, reality tells you that it is a cathedral and it is not. It is a group of towers, dark, square and massive, questioning heaven still, in their silence, with the prayer of those Guelphs of yore who greatly believed in Saints, but still more in the magnificence of God and of a life nobly framed in His honour:

The flower of Virtue is the heart's content,
And fame is Virtue's fruit that she doth bear,
And Virtue's vase is fair without and fair
Within, and Virtue's mirror brooks no taint.

like the Towers of San Gimignano. One of their owners, Folgore by name, gave this poetical voice to the reasons why his fellow-citizens had liked to build and enrich one of the fairest towns of any world.

FERNANDO AGNOLETTI.

ALLOTMENT POTATOES.

THERE is some chance of an old controversy being revived by a little note that is published in the current number of the Journal of the Board of Agriculture, which refers to certain experiments with set potatoes that were carried out last year in Staffordshire, in Salop and at the Harper Adams Agricultural College, which has issued a report on the joint work done last year. Some years ago, an argument was frequently carried on in papers devoted to husbandry as to whether it were best to set whole potatoes or sets. Those who are familiar with the life of Richard Jefferies will remember a description of the old-fashioned manner in which his father used to set about this task. We hope he sprouted



BACK OF CASA DI BOCCACCIO, CERTALDO.

the potatoes first; but whether that was so or not, it was his habit to cut the seed into as many pieces as there were "eyes," so that there was only one "eye" in each piece. One result was tangible enough. His seed potatoes went much further than those of anybody else. We have seen no account of his particular crops, but remember very well men who were almost fanatical on this subject. They held that when there were a great many sprouts from the same roots, these were sure to be weak and feeble, and to produce only a very large number of small potatoes; whereas, if there were one strong sprout only, it gave a smaller number of much larger potatoes of good quality. We should be sorry to attempt to say which of the controversialists was right; but there can be no doubt of the question being of great interest wherever land is cultivated, since potatoes form one of the staple English crops. They are of the utmost importance to the capitalist farmer who grows them in hundreds of acres, and they are of scarcely less importance to the labouring allotment-holder who expects to get a supply that will serve him during the coming winter. The experiments we are about to describe were undertaken for the purpose of determining whether those were right who held that in

the case of Langworthy and potatoes of a similar type large sets should be used, and that though this is a kidney potato, and therefore does not sprout freely, it is preferable to cut ware rather than plant seed size. The point was tested by obtaining potatoes of the following sizes from Scotland: (1) Seed size, between 1½ in. and 1¾ in. riddles; (2) large ware size, over 2½ in. riddles; (3) ware size, between 1½ in. and 2 in. riddles. The results are most instructive and, if they are conclusive, must have the effect of forcing many growers to reconsider their practice. The small potatoes, those of seed size, were the lightest, 1,200 lb. being sufficient to plant an acre, but then the crop was the lightest also, amounting as it did to only 8 tons 4 cwt. We cannot be far wrong, therefore, in thinking that it is a mistake to plant very small potatoes. The principle holds with them as it does with chickens, that if you hatch out a small egg you get a small chicken; if you hatch out a large egg you get a large chicken. The best results were produced by the ordinary ware size of potatoes cut. It took only 1,440 lb. of seed for an acre, and the yield weighed 10 tons 19 cwt.—practically speaking, 11 tons. The next best results were got from large ware cut, but in this case it took 3,360 lb. for an acre, and the return was 10 tons 12 cwt. The ware size planted whole did not yield such good results as the large ware cut. In the words of the reporter, "It will be seen that the best result was obtained, both in yield per acre and in return per lb. of seed planted, by cut ware at the rate of 1,440 lb. per acre." Another experiment, bearing on the same subject, is reported from Ope in Sweden. In the cautious words of the correspondent, it "appeared to show the existence of some definite connection between the number of eyes in the 'sets' and the yield." This was in 1908. More experiments were undertaken in 1909 and 1910, with the result of showing that with the number of eyes the weight and number of the tubers increased.

The account of these experiments is too bald, however, to be of much service. It is the other one that is most instructive. The importance of the subject, as a matter of fact, can scarcely be exaggerated. There was an old Scotch judge who in engaging a cook used to say that he did not care if she was something very wicked, provided only she could cook a potato. Growing a potato is of equal importance, and a great many things about it seem vaguely understood even by those who have given much study to the subject. It would be well if in some of the vague Nature lessons which are given at the village schools the boys and girls were instructed how to set potatoes so as to secure the best results. The writer has watched many

cottage gardeners setting potatoes during the present spring, and the spectacle is not without a touch of pathos. Be it premised that the district was poor and the cottage gardeners were in no case earning more than about 16s. or 17s. a week, while many of them had only 14s. Obviously a good clump of potatoes was of the greatest use to them in the coming winter, and where they were able to keep a pig it was a still more valuable adjunct, because the small potatoes, the peelings and even the stalks of the potato fed to the pig, with other garden refuse, help considerably to fatten him. One result is that the allotment-holder tries to get as many potatoes as possible set in his small area. The procedure is as follows: He first digs the ground over. It ought to have been dug over in the autumn or winter; but men who have to labour hard with their hands all day do not do more work in the garden than they can help, and much that is taught in books is not observed in practice. Then he lays on the ground the carefully saved up manure. If he has a pig he is fortunate, because in itself it will furnish him with a sufficiency of manure. If he has not, then he must put on the refuse of the house, which generally consists, for the most part, of coal ashes, and is of very little manurial value. A really industrious and careful man supplements this with

road scrapings. This is scattered over the ground and dug in. Then he gets out his garden line and dibbles in the potatoes in rows about twelve inches apart and nine inches between sets. The village instructor at the school or elsewhere should show him that this is an extremely bad way of planting potatoes. In the first place, it is much better to make a trench and put the manure at the bottom of it, and plant the potatoes on the manure. Why this should be so is not so easy to explain as may appear, since every cultivator knows that even a magnificent crop of potatoes does not exhaust this manure, which will be dug up comparatively fresh when the potatoes are gathered. Probably, as it is a fermenting substance, it slightly raises the temperature of the ground, and that may be the reason why a good crop is produced; though it is a curious fact, also well known, that potatoes which come up from roots left in the ground the year before generally yield better than those that have been carefully cultivated. Be that as it may, the cottager would get far better results by following a more instructed kind of cultivation, and he ought to get rid of the idea that any rubbish left over in the potato clump is good enough for seed. As a matter of fact, if the general run of these gardens be taken, the results are very poor indeed.

ESTAMPES GALANTES.

MME. DE BOIGNE draws a curious parallel in one of the earlier volumes of her fascinating memoirs. In the salons of her youth the chevalier who casually laid his hand on the chair of a lady outraged all the laws of decorum. At the same time, his tongue was freely permitted to relate any *gaudriole* which entered his mind. And another contemporary observer, writing in the days of Mme. de Pompadour, describes the craze for art, in which the whole Court participated. Everybody learned to etch, and the anecdote which was too light for recital by word of mouth was elaborated on copper and passed from hand to hand in a strictly limited edition.

The easy manners which were typical of French society throughout the reign of Louis XV. have been much exaggerated. The men and women of birth were no better and no worse than their ancestors or their descendants, for human nature and habits change very little in the course of a hundred years. But undoubtedly the eighteenth century was a period of extreme grace and delicate charm. These attributes did not exist under Louis XIV., and they vanished at the Revolution.

Mr. H. W. Lawrence, in his introduction to the recently published "French Line Engravings of the Late XVIII. Century," suggests that the moral deterioration commenced in 1715 with the accession of Louis XV. and the Regency of Philippe d'Orléans. In reality the date must be fixed much earlier—at the termination of the Wars of the Fronde. The degeneration gathered in force during the whole of the reign of "Le Roi Soleil." The chief reason was the increasing

prosperity of the country after many years of internal dissension.—As a nation becomes rich it grows dissolute. Poverty is generally virtuous because its purse is empty.



By R. de Launay.

LES ADIEUX

After Moreau.

A wealthy community is good for art, and French art is always a faithful reflection of the world which gives it birth. "French Line Engravings of the Late XVIII. Century; a Catalogue Raisonné," by H. W. Lawrence and Basil Dighton, brings together in sumptuous form an important section of French craftsmanship. In one sense the title is misleading. The volume is in reality a catalogue *raisonné* of the *estampes galantes* from Pierre Aliamet to J. G. Wille, for the authors have chiefly, though not entirely, confined their labours to that class of subject. It is a pity they have not attempted to compile a complete catalogue of the engraved works of the late eighteenth

means. But has not this happened already? These prints have always been searched for by private collectors. Their subjects have given them a continued popularity apart from their artistic merits.

During the past few years a steady rise in price has been covering the whole ground, and collectors are at last beginning to turn their attention to the earlier work, of the seventeenth century. A short while ago the magnificent engraved portraits of Robert Nanteuil could be acquired for trifling sums, both in Paris and London. But the *estampes galantes* were seldom to be owned by the connoisseur who could not back his taste with a bank-note.

There is no more need to apologise for our keen delight in these charming examples of French grace and *espièglerie* than there is to apologise for the pleasure experienced in reading our own dramatists of the Restoration. But Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh and their school, though witty, were gross, a fault which can never be imputed to the artists and engravers who collaborated with such extraordinary brilliancy. "France in the reign of Louis XVI. did not tolerate vulgarity," writes Mr. Lawrence in his introduction, and, on the whole, we are inclined to agree with him. The youths and maidens who pursue their amorous adventures through the portfolios of Lavreince, Baudouin and their interpreters cannot be taken too seriously. When Diderot scoured "Le Coucher de la Mariée" (engraved by Moreau and finished by Simonet), he proved again that philosophers have often little perception and still less sense of humour. The plate is undoubtedly the most fascinating that ever passed under an engraver's press. The work of Moreau le jeune and his engravers has an immense historical value, and "Le Monument du Costume" re-creates the changing world on the eve of revolution in a way no printed text could hope to rival.

Mr. Lawrence's introduction offers some useful hints to collectors who wish to enter into this field, although most of his "tips" are common knowledge. He deprecates J. G. Wille perhaps too much, but the question, like several others raised in his notes, is one of personal opinion and not of fact. His list of the fifty prints of the highest rank is interesting and will

afford material for argument. In any case, we would like to have the fifty in our portfolio. "French Line Engravings of the Late XVIII. Century" will be indispensable in the library of the connoisseur, particularly as few can ever hope to have many originals of Beauvarlet, the brothers de Launay and Moreau in their collections. With the outbreak of the Revolution the whole school came to an abrupt end. French art itself changed. When we compare the work of these artists with that of to-day, it is difficult to believe that the change is for the better. The technical skill of hand remains. The Gallic wit has not been lost. But delicacy and grace have given place to coarseness and brutality

HUGH STOKES.



century. Mr. Lawrence remarks that the list would be "as voluminous as it would be unnecessary." Lengthy it certainly would be, but hardly unnecessary, now that collectors are devoting such energy to the acquisition of French engravings. However, there was room for a study of this description, and the joint authors have done their work exceedingly well, while the numerous reproductions are the finest fac-similes we have recently seen, and give the production great value. Many of the engravings are difficult to find in their original state, and can only be studied by means of reproductions. We join with the authors in hoping that our English museums will complete their collections in this *genre* before the prices rise beyond their



THE SCOTTISH DEERHOUND



W. Reid.

ON THE SLOPE OF ARTHUR'S SEAT.

Copyright.

AT several shows within the coming month deerhounds are provided with an excellent classification, which should produce large entries. At the annual fixture of the Ladies' Kennel Association, for instance, to be held in the Royal Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park, on June 8th and 9th, there are eight classes in all, with Mr. R. J. Calcutt as judge. It is to be hoped that a number of these beautiful creatures will be on view. At Richmond, early in July, too, we should see a big turn-out of the best specimens.

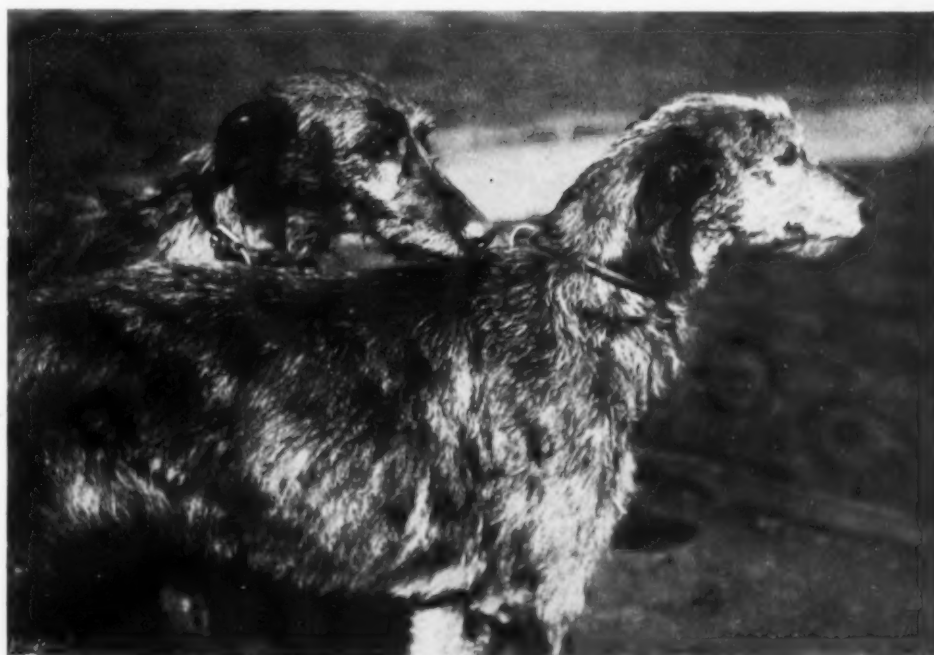
The reproach of insularity so frequently levelled against us as a nation may have justification in some directions. But with dog-owners the tendency is to run after breeds of an alien extraction, to the detriment of others that are essentially British. The deerhound's original vocation vanished as the modern rifle became more deadly; but he still retains qualities that are pre-eminently companionable. He is good to look at, with his graceful outline and picturesque coat; he is faithful and gentle in the house, and he is sufficiently active to follow carriage or horse, while being formidable enough in appearance to guard his master or mistress from the unwelcome attentions of gentlemen of the road. His harsh

coat, which does not readily pick up dirt, is easily cleansed with a brush, and, as regards constitution, it may be said of him that he is no more delicate in the puppy stages than others. When the juvenile troubles are past, he is as hardy as one could wish.

So far as I am aware, no writer has attempted to explain in what manner the deerhound first reached these shores. That he has existed for many centuries in these islands is an accepted fact, which cannot be controverted; but, after all, in the history of living things that does not carry us far. The most reasonable presumption is that he is an offshoot of the great greyhound family which had its home in the East thousands of years ago. Portrayed on Egyptian monuments some thirty centuries old we have smooth-coated dogs of this identical type, differing only in the erect carriage of the ears. Does it not speak volumes

for the sporting instincts of an ancient civilisation that, through all these ages, man has found it necessary to produce practically no modifications in form, the only serious variations being in the length and colour of the coat? These characteristics, obeying an inevitable law as explained by Darwin, would naturally adjust themselves according to their environment.

The value of these dogs for deer-stalking in the Highlands has been mentioned so frequently in sporting works that no



W. Reid.

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CHAMPION ST. RONAN'S RHYME (Front), CHAMPION ST. RONAN'S RODERICK (Back).



T. Fall.

FERMAIN DIANA.

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further reference is needed here, most of my readers, no doubt, being perfectly familiar with the subject. Most old writers allude to them as Highland greyhounds, although it has been shown that a history of Scotland published about 1600 A.D. refers to "deir houndis."

That they were highly prized in early times is demonstrated by a passage in Holinshed's "Chronicles" (1577), in which we are told that "divers of the young Pictish nobilitie repaired unto Craithlint, King of the Scots, for to hunt and make merie with him; but, when they should depart homewards, perceiving that the Scottish dogs did far excel theirs, both in fairnesse, swiftnesse and hardnesse, and also in long standing up and holding out, they got diverse both dogs and bitches of the best kind for breed, to be given them by the Scottish lords; and yet not so contented, they stole one belonging to the King from his keeper, being more esteemed of him than all the others which he had about him. The maister of the leash, being informed hereof, pursued after them that had stolen the dog, thinking, indeed, to have taken him from them; but they not being to part with him fell at alteration, and at the end chanced to strike the maister of the leash through with their horse spears,



CHAMPION RUGBY BONNIE DOON.



T. Fall.

FERMAIN GIPSY.

Copyright.

so that he did die presently. Whereupon noise and crie being raised in the country by his servantes, divers of the Scots, as they were going home from hunting, returned, and falling upon the Picts to revenge the death of their fellow, there ensued a shrewed bickering betwixt them; so that of the Scots there died three score gentlemen, besides a great number of the commons, not one of them understanding what the matter meant. Of the Picts there were about 100 slaine."

An inspection of Landseer's paintings proves that for the last hundred years or so, at any rate, the type has changed but little. Sir Walter Scott, whose Maida ranks among the dogs of history, makes his Knight of Gilsland give an admirable description of one: "A most perfect creature of heaven; of the old Northern breed—deep in the chest, strong in the stern, black colour, and brindled on the breast and legs, not spotted with white, but just shaded into grey—strength to pull down a bull, swiftness to cote an antelope."

Greyhound and deerhound were interchangeable terms in the time of Sir Walter. Two greyhounds were let loose at the gallant stag which Lufra pulled down. Bonny Heck, dog hero of a notable ballad, was probably a rough-coated greyhound of



CHAMPION THE LAIRD OF ABBOTSFORD.



C. Vandyk.

CHAMPION TALISMAN.

Copyright.

a breed still extant in the middle of last century. The rough greyhound and the deerhound were so like each other that directions are given to watch them playing in order to see the difference. One is a gaze-hound, and holds his head high, the other a sleuth-hound, and holds his low. The old ballads often refer to the good knight's hawk and hound and lady fair, but are very barren of details as to the kind of hound that could start a deer on the banks of Yarrow and bay him in the Trossachs.

Queen Victoria owned a number of deerhounds, four of which were exhibited at a show at Islington in 1869. One named Keildar was used in Windsor Park for deer-stalking. He was of the McKenzie of Applecross strain. This dog was present at the Grand National Show of Sporting and Other Dogs at the Crystal Palace in 1872, being then owned by Mr. H. Luckie. He was entered as "Age 8 years. Breeder, the late Mr. Cole, Head Keeper, Windsor Park. By Oscar (first prize Islington, 1863)—Hilda (first prize Cremorne, 1864). Oscar of McKingie's (of Applecross) breed. Hilda by Old Keildar—Tank, by the late Prince Consort's Hector. Price £100." From the catalogue I see that some of the breeders of that day were Lord Henry Bentinck, Lord Macdonald, Sir Edward C. Dering, Lord Winchelsea, Mr. H. Chaworth Musters and the Hon. Grantley Berkeley. Of one dog, Oscar, we read that his dam, Maida, was bred by Mr. Dobell of Glengarry, whose ancestor gave Sir Walter Scott his celebrated Maida.

With regard to the present-day dogs, I think a general consensus of opinion holds that they are much as they have been for the best part of a century, perhaps longer. Mr. Harry Rawson, whose long experience and success as a breeder entitle him to be heard with deference, wrote in the official organ of the Kennel Club last year, that "the deerhound was never better, never stronger, never straighter, never better coated, never more typical than to-day." It may be that a few years ago mischief was threatened by an agitation for larger size, although a reference to the views of men who worked their dogs establishes the fact that a moderate-sized one, standing about twenty-eight inches at the shoulder, had more endurance and activity

than those a couple of inches taller. Loss of quality is the almost inevitable accompaniment of greater size and substance. The photographs which appear with this article give a better picture of the deerhound than any verbal description can convey. Mr. Harry Rawson of Joppa has been associated with the breed for a considerable period, and his Champion St. Ronan's Rhyme owns a record that would be hard to beat. This wonderful bitch won thirty championships and hundreds of first prizes and specials. Among other achievements she was placed best in the show of all breeds at the Crystal Palace two years in succession, and also at the Scottish Kennel Club's show in the same years. She also won every cup that could be held by a hound in Great Britain. She is considered by many to-day to be the most perfect specimen of a deerhound extant. Champion St. Ronan's Roderick has won challenge prizes at the Kennel Club, Edinburgh, Belfast and Manchester shows, as well as innumerable firsts. St. Ronan's Ryburne, although not exhibited so much, has also had a very satisfactory career.

The frequency with which the affix of "Abbotsford" appears in the prize-lists is a testimony to the merits of the kennel owned by Mrs. Armstrong of Newcastle-on-Tyne. This lady manages to bring out a succession of grand hounds, her best now being Champions Talisman and Fair Maid of Perth. A younger dog of hers that is doing much winning is Rob Roy of Abbotsford. The outstanding dog of the moment is undoubtedly Miss A. Doxford's Champion The Laird of Abbotsford, who last year was awarded no less than seven challenge prizes. He was bred by Mr. Martin five years ago. Mr. C. J. Laine, hon. secretary of the Deerhound Club, has a couple of good bitches in Fermain Gipsy and Fermain Diana, the latter of which was first in the open class at the last Kennel Club show, a feat which she followed by taking the championship at Manchester. Fermain Gipsy, the dam of Diana, is full of the noted Selwood blood on the sire's side, and through her dam she is descended directly from the Duchess of Wellington's strain. Mr. R. J. Calcutt's Champion Avening May enjoys the distinction of having beaten The



CHAMPION AVENING MAY.



Laird of Abbotsford on two occasions. No higher praise is called for. She has now joined St. Ronan's Rhyme in a well-earned retirement.

Mrs. Bedwell has always been careful to preserve the purity of her strain, her idea being that while an outcross may give

greater size and longer heads, the true deerhound character is sacrificed. One of the finest hounds that Mrs. Bedwell has owned was Champion Rugby Bonnie Doon, and she has another good one in Rugby Brigand, who is as sound a mover as one could wish to see.

A. CROXTON SMITH.

ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION.

THE fifty-sixth annual exhibition organised by the Royal Photographic Society, now open at the Prince's Skating Club, Knightsbridge, must, on the whole, be pronounced mediocre in general quality, in spite of the fact that—as always—there are a certain number of pictures of outstanding merit. The level of excellence, it is true, remains high; but the very fact that it is a level makes it unexciting. Pictorial photography, it would seem, has reached a period of quiescence; nothing particularly novel is being done; the internal squabbles which caused energetic competition, and which, therefore, had value, have lapsed; and at the Royal Photographic Society one may see regiments of prints which would have aroused heated controversy five or six years ago, but which to-day attract only a fleeting glance—a glance

delight and instruct tyro photographers who visit them, they cannot be held out as much of an attraction to non-photographers. This is the more to be regretted, inasmuch as London is at present full of strangers, provincial and foreign, who might have formed a valuable public for the Royal Photographic Society's not too well-known annual function.

Yet the powers that govern this exhibition have this year seen fit to introduce at least one departure which, intentionally or otherwise, teaches a much-needed lesson to all camera-users who take their craft seriously. The principal portion of the show is divided into two sections, "Pictorial Photography" and "General Photography," with the amusing result that we here behold a final proof of what so many have lately begun to suspect, namely, that all good pictorial photography is good



J. Arthur Lomax.

THE SWEET-SHOP.

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neither of indignation nor of curiosity. It is a depressing state of affairs for the photographer, and even more so for the outsider, who, without knowing the heart-burnings and fights of which the various exhibitions were the visible sign, was at least able to enjoy the eccentricities and ingenuities of the exhibitors themselves.

To-day, the exhibitions, led by the one which we are reviewing, are conventionally correct and normal; they contain nothing that shocks, and we weary of the procession of flawless photographs which pass before our eyes as we traverse the gallery, and long for something a little less impeccable and more out of the common. Perfection is a dull affair to all except those who are achieving it or are trying to achieve it; and the moral is that while the innumerable examples of perfection in the photographic line now on view at Prince's will

technical photography. There is nothing in Section 1 which might not have gone into Section 2, and almost nothing in Section 2 which might not have honoured Section 1. Indeed, the puzzle is to discover in the gallery where "Pictorial Photography" ends and "General Photography" begins. The old theory, no doubt, was that a technically poor photograph might be a pictorially good photograph. It is a highly disputable theory, and if it were ever true—as is just conceivable in the time when the processes of the camera really presented some difficulties—it is certainly not true nowadays. The Royal Photographic Society, at least, has given the theory its death-blow by acting up to it. In Section 1 we ought to see photographs which, in some mysterious way, are "art," yet are out of focus or wrongly printed or under-exposed; and in Section 2 we should find photographs which are correctly exposed, faultlessly



F. J. Mortimer.

AN OUTPOST OF EMPIRE.

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printed, absolutely sharp, and so forth, but are not (alas!) "art." Of course, we find nothing of the sort. Not only are the humble technicians of Section 2 as particular about the composition, atmosphere and the like of their efforts as the supposedly head-in-air impressionists of Section 1, but the latter are as meticulously careful of their technique as the former. The distinction between Sections 1 and 2 is, in short, both a trifle invidious and, to the initiate, rather comic; it is a decided entertainment, in a show otherwise tiresome, to go from one department to the other and to try to fathom the obscure motives

which have caused the acceptance of this or that as "Pictorial," while the other one has been rejected with contumely by the "Pictorial" judges and accepted by the "Generals." For it is plain that anything in the least worthy of acceptance by such a body as the Royal Photographic Society (and not coming within the scope of the Scientific and Natural History Sections) might equally well have been placed, once for all, as "Pictorial," and not haggled over on grounds absolutely impossible either of definition or of defence. The whole experiment, as has been said, at any rate performs the useful service of demonstrating



Allan Bowie.

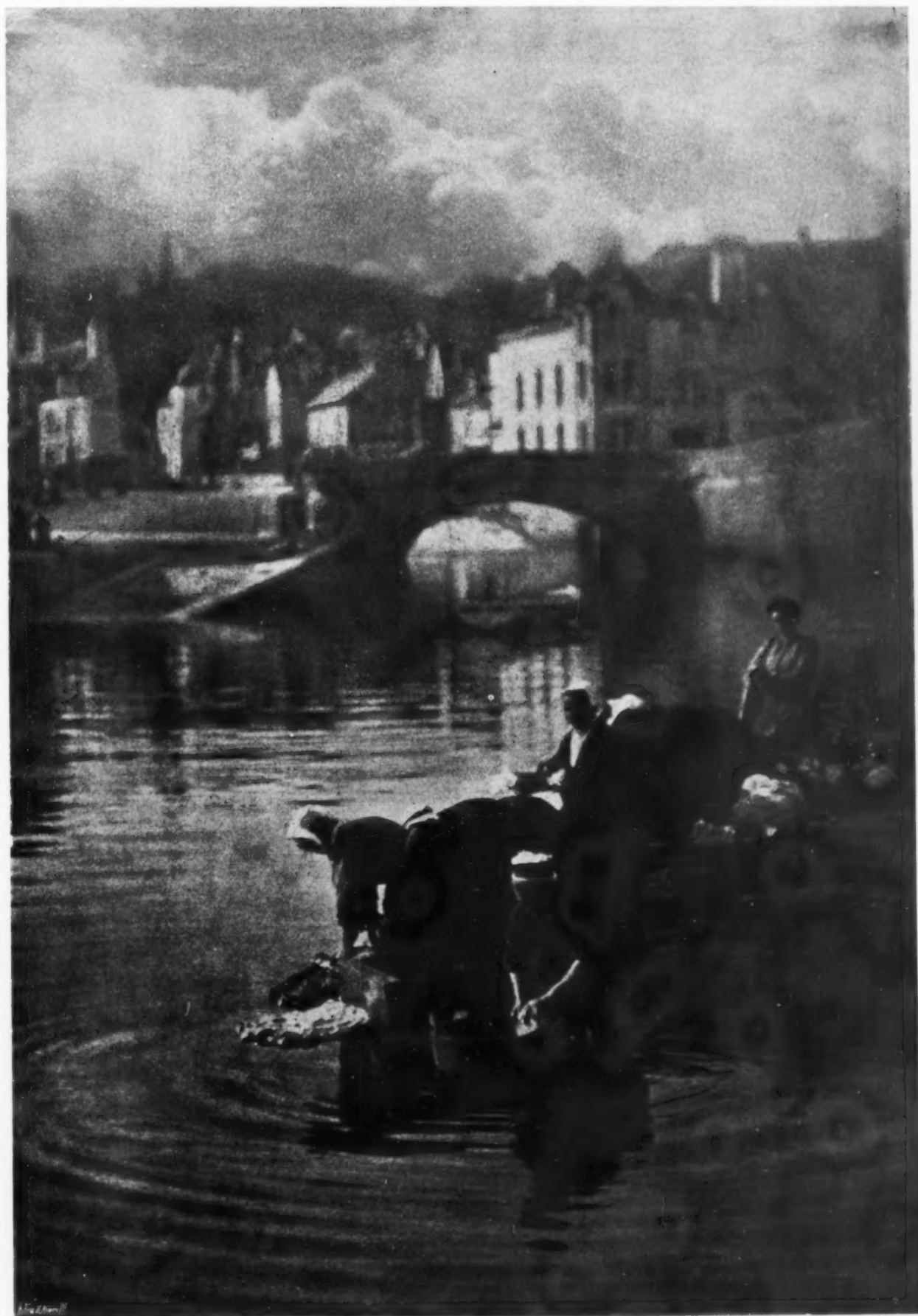
IN CLYDE WATERS.

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*Alex. Keighley.*

THE VILLAGE STREET.

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Alex. Ketghley.

RIPPLES AND LIGHT.

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W. E. Hillier.

THE HEMP-DRESSER.

Copyright.

that art without technique does not, nowadays, exist; and that technique without some knowledge of art—if it be only that art of common-sense in construction which is called balance—is so rare as to be almost negligible; certainly so rare as not to require special space provided for it in the premier exhibition of the year.

The casual passer-by, wandering into the gallery for half-an-hour's glimpse of what is being done with the camera, pays, perhaps, no heed to these hair-splittings, and is none the poorer for his indifference. What he probably desires to see is a sample or two of first-rate snap-shooting. He himself makes snap-shots when the spirit moves him, in holiday-time, and he desires some hint of how the ideal snap-shot should appear. On the whole he will be disappointed, for comparatively few of the pictures have any of the impromptu happiness of the typical snap-shot; most of them are palpably laboured and self-conscious. Characteristic specimens of the art of the hand-camera are to be found, for all that, by careful search, and are as repaying as anything in the rooms. "In Clyde Waters" may be mentioned, for instance. This is shutter photography at its best: it is pictorial yet technical, the sky is luminous and true, while the sea is soft and the boats are beautifully placed. There is here no "faking"; the photography is pure photography, and could have been done by anybody possessing a hand-camera; yet how few possessors of a hand-camera do it! "The Sweet Shop," with its charming back view of bare-legged urchins devouring with their gaze the lollipops behind the window, is another typical snap-shot of the best sort; and so is "The Hemp Dresser," in so far as the figure is registered in vigorous action and apparently in complete unconsciousness of the presence of the apparatus. In more ambitious style are Mr. Alexander Keighley's two large works, "Ripples and Light" and "A Village Street." These stand for hand-camera craftsmanship in its very highest development. Mr. Keighley's dignified prints always emerge noteworthy from any company in which they are hung. "Ripples and Light" has rather a prim composition, its art is reasoned, and "A Village Street" is more easy and spontaneous; but both works are strictly "snaps," while manifesting the immense skill that operates through the apparent chanciness which the word implies. It has been complained that snap-shot photography, thanks to the daylight-loading film and the developing tank, has been

made childishly facile; but if so, one may well ask why such travel mementoes as Mr. Keighley's are not commoner. The answer is clear. It is not the camera or the film that counts, but the man behind them. When the public has recognised this truth, we shall see such work as that of Mr. Keighley and perhaps a dozen others classed among the individual expressions of temperament as naturally as are the productions of the brush artist.

Portraiture is not so strong this year, but here again the Royal Photographic Society has ventured on an innovation which must arouse comment. Hung on the end wall of the gallery there is a selection of portraits of His Majesty King Edward VII., which compare so feebly with the mostly amateur portraits of private citizens hung elsewhere that the visitor cannot but feel resentful. The late King was a remarkable personality; no one who saw him could fail to note the peculiar and characteristic distinction of his demeanour; yet in the majority of the photographs of him here shown he is delineated with banal monotony as a mere mechanical wearer of uniforms and decorations. Somehow, one knows not how, the vigour and worldly wisdom and *bonhomie* of his face have been deleted. It is an enormous pity, for King Edward was a model worthy of strictly truthful rendering. Some years ago a couple of portraits of him were exhibited—we think at the Photographic Salon—by Baron de Meyer, speaking likenesses, incisively depicting both the man and the monarch; and as permission to exhibit had presumably been granted, we cannot but suppose that King Edward approved the scrupulous realism of these studies. In their naturalistic simplicity they were as different from the over-retouched, characterless portraits now on view at Prince's as could well be imagined. Why the Royal Photographic Society should have taken the trouble to gather together its present collection, and not have gone further and secured Baron de Meyer's and other non-academic work, is inexplicable. The files of any illustrated weekly for the last twenty or thirty years contain a better historical pictorial record of King Edward's physiognomy and acts than this. Among the pictures here displayed the only ones that may be said to own any spiritedness are certain of the snap-shots of functions, in which the late King appears as quite a small figure—too small to be smoothed into featurelessness by the fulsome retouching pencil. It is odd to reflect that our best portraits of Royalty

are almost always those taken by pressmen working under harassing disadvantages, and not those obtained in the studio. The former, however small in size, have a hint of humanity; the latter, with their waxen polish and their expressionlessness, convey no information whatsoever.

Elsewhere in the exhibition there is much that is of interest to all. The Natural History Section includes the customary miracles of patient observation and of that sportsmanship which has so finely substituted the lens for the gun. In the Scientific Section the infra-red photographs (Nos. 703 to 707) are worth noticing. They disclose to us a frosty dream universe whose sky is uncannily black and its foliage pure white, and

remind us that, after all, it is only as it were by chance that we see the sky as light and the leaves as green. The colour transparencies should also not be missed. It is hard on them that they have to be buried in a dark tunnel which the careless may overlook, for some of the autochromes are revelations of what subtleties of hue the screen-plate can record. In the Apparatus and Materials Department there are a number of new cameras, which show that if photography is standing still, the photographic inventors are not; and in this room also attention must be directed to Mr. Hollyer's amazingly perfect monochrome reproductions of Turner's paintings, printed on platinotype.
W. M.

THE ORNITHOLOGIST ABROAD.

IN "Camps and Cruises of an Ornithologist," published in this country by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, Mr. Frank Chapman gives us a series of disconnected chapters dealing with the bird-life of a great Continent. The object of his many expeditions, which covered seven seasons, was to collect specimens and make field notes and photographs to be used in the preparation of the "Habitat Groups" of North American birds which have proved such an attraction to the American Museum of Natural History in New York. While reading his charming descriptions of his visits to the various nesting colonies we can readily believe his statement that "No ornithologist, I imagine, has ever pursued his calling with greater pleasure and satisfaction than I have experienced in gathering material and data for these groups of birds. Not only has it been my fortune to behold some of the most interesting and remarkable sights in the world of birds, but it has been my privilege to have them reproduced in so admirable a manner that they convey to others a wholly adequate conception of the scene itself."

Mr. Chapman takes us rapidly from the flamingo colonies of the Bahamas to the nesting-ground of the ptarmigan in the Canadian Rockies, through the Arizona Desert and the Ever-

glades of Florida without any tiresome details of travel, just indicating the salient points of a journey sufficiently for the man who can read between the lines to appreciate the numerous perils by land and sea which give a spice of excitement to the field ornithologist's work. There is also just enough description of scenery and weather conditions to make one clearly understand the extraordinary photographs of bird-life which make the book so delightful to the naturalist. The rest of the letter-press is full of observations on the habits of birds taken at close range during long hours of waiting in a blind to which the birds had gradually become accustomed, and logical deductions based upon these observations which will appeal readily to the reader.

In the introductory chapter a description is given of the camera and blinds used on the different expeditions, and judging by the successful results, Mr. Chapman's appliances are probably the nearest approach to perfection yet invented for this particular work. This is followed by a couple of chapters on Atlantic Coast islands, with a full description of the osprey colony on Gardiner's Island, where this bird has departed from the habits of its kind and nests freely on the roof of small houses and even on the driftwood of the beach. Wilson published an account of this colony in 1812, mentioning that



CASPIAN TERN.

according to the owner of the island there were at least three hundred nests of fish-hawks that had young. Mr. Chapman estimates their present number at between one hundred and fifty and two hundred.

In the account of the birds of Florida we read a sad story of the havoc wrought by the professional "plumer" among the rookeries of aquatic birds. "Of these birds, herons, egrets, ibises, spoonbills and others, the State once possessed a marvellous store, but be it said to Florida's everlasting disgrace, that until the honourable industry of shooting birds at their nests became no longer profitable she raised no hand to save herself from being despoiled of this rich heritage. Even then the passage of laws was secured only through influence from without. The laws, however, were not observed and all efforts to secure conviction under them failed. It is small satisfaction to the bird-lover to know that Florida herself is the greatest sufferer from the niggardly short-sightedness which allowed the agents of northern milliners to loot her of her treasure. Her loss was their profit. The few thousands paid the plumers is a pitiful sum when one considers the real value of what has been irretrievably lost. This was not a case of civilisation's

deserves far higher recognition than it has commonly received, wrote that "the most extensive breeding place he visited in Florida was on a small island called Pelican Island, about twenty miles north of Fort Capron. The nests here were placed on the tops of mangrove trees, which were about the size of large apple trees. Breeding in company with the pelicans were thousands of herons, Peale's egret, the rufous egret and little white egret, with a few pairs of the great blue heron and roseate spoonbills; and immense numbers of man-of-war birds and white ibises were congregated upon the island."

Of the birds mentioned by Dr. Bryant the pelican alone remains, while of the trees which covered the island at the time of his visit not a single one is living. In 1898, when I first saw Pelican Island, there were still enough mangroves to afford many of the birds the arboreal type of nesting-site characteristic of their species; but the birds which could not secure a building lot in a tree were forced to place their house upon the ground.

This transition period has now passed. The mangroves, here near the northern limit of their range, have suffered by the "freezes" of recent Florida winters, while their excessive



"WITH GREAT FLAPPING THEY ALL TOOK WING."

advance, before which, of necessity, certain forms of life must disappear. The marshes and swamps, river, lake and seashore, once animated by snowy plumaged herons and ibises, and by roseate spoonbills, still exist, and will long continue to exist, as they were when the birds glorified them." Even in the last few years, when strenuous efforts have been made to enforce the laws, we hear too frequently of game-wardens being shot by "plumers" in the performance of their duty.

The chapter on the larger egret (*Herodias egretta*), the "Long white" of the "plumer," shows clearly how great the damage has been, as Mr. Chapman could not find a single rookery in Florida upon which to found the egret collection shown among the "Habitat Groups," and was obliged to go to a neighbouring State where a vast territory had been acquired by a club of sportsmen, and a few egrets, survivors of a once flourishing colony, had been so carefully preserved that their increase had nearly restored the rookery to its former importance.

A visit to Pelican Island on the Indian River produced some remarkable photographs of the ungainly brown pelican, which still breeds there in great quantities. In 1858 Dr. Henry Bryant, whose enterprise in ornithological exploration

use by the birds—which, in some instances, placed as many as seven nests in a single tree—has prevented their recovering from the effects of low temperature. From a mound of glossy green foliage, Pelican Island, within a period of fifty years, has become a treeless mud-flat, largely grass-grown; but still it is beloved of the pelicans, the impelling motion which prompts them to return to this particular spot being evidently stronger than that which induced them to nest in trees.

Twice the pelicans have deserted the island during the nesting season, once driven away by tourists who landed on the island and shot the inhabitants in large numbers, leaving them to rot in the mud, and once when a large signboard was placed on the island proclaiming the fact that the pelicans were under the protection of the Federal Government. In both cases, however, the birds nested on neighbouring islands, and since the removal of the signboard have returned to their old haunt and now nest without danger of molestation. There appears to be a difference of six months in the time of nesting of the pelicans on the East and West Coast of Florida, the former beginning to lay in November and the latter in April, the plumage of the birds varying in the same manner.



"THE BIRDS, LIKE A VAST CONGREGATION, . . . GRAVELY ROSE."

Mr. Chapman remarks that this fact "is as surprising as though the mangroves of Eastern Florida were to blossom half a year earlier than those of the West Coast. With the information now at our command the case appears to be inexplicable."

Perhaps the most interesting expedition described in the book is the visit to the Bahamas, where, after many disappointments, the ornithologist at last managed to erect his tent in

the middle of a flamingo city and succeeded in taking photographs of this grotesque bird under every condition and clearing up many disputed points on the subject of its nesting habits. At first he found the flamingos difficult to approach, but says that when once set up "the blind, strange to say, aroused no suspicion. Without hesitation, and with evident recognition of their home, the splendid creatures reoccupied their nests,



PELICANS FEEDING THEIR YOUNG.

For a time I feared detection. It was impossible to look from the blind in any direction without seeming to meet the glance of a dozen yellow-eyed birds at my threshold. Fortunately the uproar of their united voices was so great that the various sounds made in the manipulation of my two cameras were barely audible, even to my ears." A pleasing result of this visit was the enactment of bird-preserving laws for the Bahamas, especially necessary for the flamingos, as they appear to have great difficulty in carrying out their nesting operations successfully, on account of the heavy rainfall, which frequently raises



THE PAUSE BEFORE ALIGHTING.

the water above the level of the mud nests, with the result that every egg in the colony is destroyed.

In April, 1907, a voyage, which nearly ended in disaster, was made from Nassau to Cap Verde, a desolate island lying two hundred and thirty miles to the southward, affording a suitable nesting-place for the boobies and man-of-war birds. The island is about half a mile long by a quarter of a mile in greatest width, and, roughly estimated, contains some forty acres. Mr. Chapman remarks, after giving a list of birds found on the island, that "The presence of the birds above mentioned indicates that Cap Verde would be an admirable station for the study of the migrations of birds through this region. The small size of the Cap would permit the taking of fairly accurate daily censuses, while the distance from the nearest land makes it the only available stopping place in a large area." The following peculiarity in the incubation of the boobies' eggs was noticed: "About ninety-eight per cent. of the boobies nesting on Cap Verde had young, some of which were nearly hatched, while a few were on the wing, but the larger number were beginning to acquire flight feathers. Thirty-five nests were found containing eggs, of which twenty-one held two eggs, while in fourteen there was but one; but possibly in some, if not most, of these, another egg would have been laid. Two eggs, therefore, was the rule, a statement confirming previously-recorded observations on the nesting habits of this species. On the other hand, two



FISH-HAWK ALIGHTING ON NEST.

young was the exception. Of seven hundred and forty nests on the east side of the Cap, only two contained two young, and both pairs were well grown and approximately the same size. Examination of the eggs contained in sets of two showed that either there was a marked difference in the development of the embryos, or that one or both eggs were infertile. For example, of thirteen nests containing two eggs, in three nests both were bad, in ten both were good, but with every good pair there was about a week's difference in the age of the embryo. In six nests, each containing one young and one egg, five of the eggs were decomposed. With those boobies which lay two eggs, apparently a week intervenes between the deposition of the first and second egg, and to this unusual irregularity in connection with the high percentage of infertility we attribute the discrepancy between the number of eggs laid and the number of young reared."

After an account of the prairie chickens of Nebraska and the golden eagles of Wyoming we are plunged into the Arizona Desert and surprised by the number of brilliantly-coloured birds which inhabit a country full of flowering cactus and spiny bushes growing in such luxuriance that one cannot realise why such a

fair-seeming land should be called a desert till the empty water-canteens bring the truth unpleasantly home to the mind. On leaving the desert we are taken to the fertile State of California, and pay a visit to the San Joaquin Valley, where avocets and stilts and many of the wildfowl have made their homes in a country quite unfitted to their habits under natural conditions, attracted by the rich mud formed from the desert sand by artificial irrigation. Mr. Chapman describes the bird-life of the Redwood forests and the coast-line, and again we follow him to an outlying group of islands, the Farallones, so often mentioned in the stories of the Californian gold excitement as affording an excellent landmark for finding the Golden Gate, the entrance to San Francisco Harbour. "Ten species of sea-birds and a single species of land-bird nest upon the Farallones; but the number of individuals by which they are represented, no one has



THE FIRST UPWARD STROKE OF THE WING.

ventured to estimate. The Californian murre is the most numerous inhabitant of this marine aviary, and about this bird centres the history of the Farallones as egg-yielding islands. Among San Francisco bakers murre's eggs are considered an acceptable substitute for the product of the poultry-yard, and as early as 1849 they were sold in San Francisco markets. At this period of insufficient food supply they brought one dollar per dozen. In 1854, it is stated by Dr. W. O. Ayres, more than five hundred thousand eggs were collected in the Farallones in less than two months; but in 1896, according to L. M. Loomis, the number had dropped to ninety-odd thousand and the price to twelve and a-half cents per dozen. To prevent further decimation of this bird colony, the United States Government, at the solicitation of the American Ornithologists' Union,

has fortunately forbidden egg-collecting on the Farallones." Space is too limited to make mention of the many subjects of interest dealt with in the book. There are accounts of expeditions to the Canadian prairies, the Canadian Rockies and Klamath Lake, on the southern boundary line of the State of Oregon, all full of interest and illustrated with striking photographs. The last chapter contains a description of English bird-life as seen by an American ornithologist. Mr. Chapman visited the Farne Islands, the New Forest and, of course, the home of Gilbert White, and his comparisons of the bird-life of the two countries will be read with interest by British naturalists. In America his labours have already borne much fruit in the establishment of the "Habitat Groups" in the New York Museum, which we hope to describe in another article.

THE DISEASES OF HIVE-BEES.

BY A. E. SHIPLEY, F.R.S.

Si vero, quoniam casus apibus quoque nostros
Vita tulit, tristi languebunt corpora morbo,
Quod jam non dubiis poteris cognoscere signis:
Continuo est aegris alius color; horrida vultum
Deformat macies; tum corpora luce carentum
Exportant tectis, et tristia funera ducunt.

GEORGIUS IV.

DURING the year 1904 a mysterious disease appeared among the bees of the Isle of Wight, which from authentic reports received from all parts of the country up to the end of May, threatens the extermination of the insect. It was first noticed at a village a little south of Newport, and gradually spread from this centre until, in 1906, it had invaded and encircled almost the whole island. In 1907, as the accompanying diagram shows, it reached the coast. It was during this year, at the request of the Board of Agriculture, that Mr. A. D. Imms, now Professor at the University of Allahabad, visited the island to enquire into the cause of this devastating epizootic. He found on the island but two places, Cowes and Norton, unaffected. In the following year, Dr. W. H. Malden, who was carrying on the work which, on his leaving for India, Mr. Imms had to leave unfinished, visited the Isle of Wight, and after the most

careful enquiries was only able to find two of the original stocks surviving—one of these died during the course of the year. At the time of Dr. Malden's first visit the whole island was infected and there was scarcely a bee left, but the disease had not crossed the Solent. During the summer of 1908, Mr. Cooper of Thorley made careful enquiries among the beekeepers of the

adjacent coastline of the mainland, but he failed to discover a single instance of "bee disease."

We thus had, during the four years from 1904 to 1908, an outbreak of an epizootic steadily and uniformly spreading from a known centre, but still confined to the Isle of Wight. At its first appearance we had the disease, as the Americans

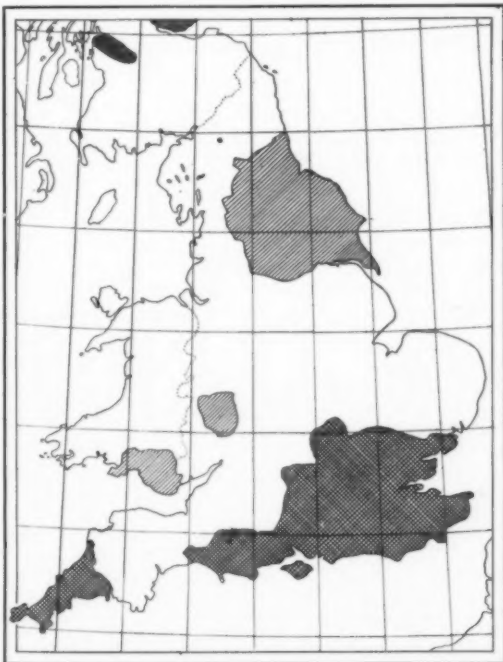


FIG. 2.

Map showing the distribution of bee disease in Great Britain in 1910. The cross-hatched areas in England and Scotland show where the presence of the disease has been verified by scientific investigation. The single-hatched areas show country from which the disease has been reported, but which has not been investigated from a scientific standpoint. Since this map was prepared in 1910, the affected area has largely increased, and it seems probable that the south-east corner patch should be continued at least as far north as Wisbeach. Modified from Dr. Malden.

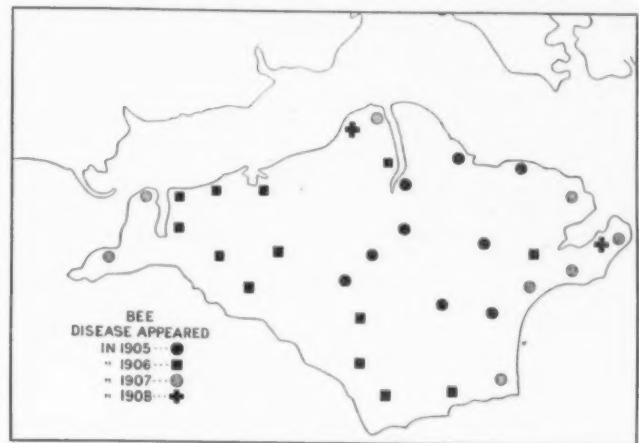


FIG. 1.

Map showing the spread of bee disease in the Isle of Wight in the years 1905, 1906, 1907 and 1908. Modified from Dr. Malden.

say, "under a hat," or at least under a hive, and one cannot but regret that from the first moment of the outbreak active measures were not taken to isolate it and to prevent it reaching the mainland. But in 1909 the epizootic appeared in Hampshire, Dorset, Sussex and Surrey, and it is now gradually spreading over great tracts of England and Scotland. It has been scientifically registered throughout the southern part of England and the Eastern Counties, in Cornwall, Elgin and Forfarshire, and it is reported from Yorkshire, Glamorganshire and other parts of the West of England and Wales. It is difficult to believe that these isolated areas are not linked up by a continuous sheet of infection, although at present this may be in places slight and uninvestigated.

In the following two articles I propose to consider some of the known diseases of bees; but as the present epizootic in England is exciting much apprehension not only among bee-owners, but among fruit-growers, I propose to deal first of all with what seems to be the cause of the present appalling destruction of a large proportion of our hives.

One single instance shows the gravity of the situation to many hard-working men, whose means of livelihood are being swept away by this insidious and fatal disease. A bee-keeper, Mr. Walter Jarman, has kept bees in the neighbourhood of Royston for more than twenty-five years. During the last few years they have, indeed, been the sole source of his income. This, in a good year, has amounted to as much as £240. Mr. Jarman has been singularly successful in the management of his hives; but about the middle of last June he noticed that the bees from one of his hives seemed unable to fly, and soon they dropped on the grass and died. By September all the bees of this hive were dead. In July a neighbouring hive was also attacked, and shortly afterwards a third hive, and by the middle of August the disorder was infecting all those hives that were near to the first one attacked. By October fifty hives were destroyed, and this spring, out of a total of one hundred and sixty hives, but thirty remained, and these showed

signs of infection. His means of livelihood were practically swept away in the course of eight or nine months.

Here it may be mentioned that in an apiary the first bees to suffer are the native bees; the Ligurian and the hybrid stocks are more resistant. Cases are recorded when, the disease having broken out in the spring, the hive has recovered to some extent in the summer, only to perish miserably in the autumn. The workers are chiefly affected, the drones but seldom. Should the queen bee become infected, she may, in all probability, be capable of transmitting the disease to her offspring, but the larvae and the young bees are usually reported as healthy. More than one hive has been examined wherein the queen alone remained alive, all the colony but she had perished.

The external symptoms shown by the sick bees are as follows:—from being the most industrious of insects they lose their proverbial activity and become unusually lazy and inert, they move with difficulty, their wings seem dislocated, and the co-ordination of their muscles is impaired. Owing to the distended colon, the abdomen of infected bees becomes greatly swollen, a condition due to their having developed an unnatural craving for wax and pollen, and to their inability to discharge the undigested matter in their alimentary canal. This can normally be done only when in flight—a provision, no doubt, which aids in keeping the interior of the hive clean and sanitary—and a diseased bee soon loses its power of flight. Virgil in the quotation at the head of the paper refers to the ordinary changes which go on in the hive as winter approaches; but, as put into English, Dryden's lines give us, to some extent, the symptoms which are described in the bees infected by the "Isle of Wight" disease:

But since they share with man one common fate,
In health and sickness, and in turns of state;
Observe the symptoms when they fall away,
And languish with insensible decay.
They change their hue, with haggard eyes they stare,
Lean are their looks, and shagged is their hair:
And crowds of dead, that never must return
To their lov'd hives, in decent pomp are born,
Their friends attend the hearse, the next relations mourn.

When, in 1907, Mr. Imms commenced the investigation of bee disease in the Isle of Wight, an investigation he was obliged to relinquish when he took up the post he at present holds in India, he noted that the infected bees suffered from a prodigious accumulation of undigested food in that part of the alimentary canal called the colon. He attributed this distention and the consequent illness of the bee to a too free indulgence in pollen food; but now we know other causes are at work.

To understand the Isle of Wight bee disease we must know something about the alimentary canal of the bee and a good deal about the organism, which, in my belief, is responsible for the wholesale destruction of hives in the southern and other parts of Great Britain.

To begin with the bees' alimentary canal. The mouth opens into a short gullet or oesophagus, which quickly expands into the so-called "honey stomach"; following on this is the second stomach (Fig. 3), frequently called the "chyle stomach," which opens, in its turn, into the first part of the intestine, the colon, where the undigested food accumulates. A diseased bee develops an abnormal appetite for pollen and wax, and it was this undigested accumulation of pollen and wax in the colon which was considered by Mr. Imms to have been the cause of the trouble.

On dissection, a bee suffering from the Isle of Wight disease shows that this portion of the alimentary canal is enormously distended and of a bright yellow colour. Its contents are, as a rule, very solid, and consist of undigested pollen grains, an excessive amount of wax and a large number of bacteria, moulds and yeasts. With the exception of the chyle stomach the rest of the intestine does not appear to be abnormal.

The distention of the colon is, of course, due to the fact that the sick bees are weakened and unable to fly, and consequently cannot normally discharge the undigested contents of their alimentary canal.

The sick bees, being unable to fly, accumulate the undigested food in the colon and the abdomen becomes distended.

The only other part of the alimentary canal which shows marked change is the chyle stomach. It becomes very tender, and ruptures much more readily than does that of a healthy bee. Its normal pinkish colour and its well-marked ringed or annulate appearance—the latter due to its circular muscles—disappear or tend to disappear. The walls become a dirty white or yellowish brown, and the annulations are less apparent. The lining membrane of this part of the alimentary canal is degenerating, and is frequently found stripped away from the muscles which surround it. Within, bacilli are found in large quantities. Among these is a form which, from its resemblance to the bacillus of plague, Dr. Malden has named *Bacillus pestiformis apis*. This occurs in some sixty per cent. of the diseased bees, and in most cases it has made its way between the cells of the lining membrane of the chyle stomach. Great difficulty has been found in making cultures of this bacillus, as other organisms, such as *Bacillus subtilis*, which are always present, grow faster than it does, and so checks its development. It has not been found possible to infect healthy bees with the organism, and although it has been thought at one time that this germ is the cause of bee disease, it has not been shown definitely that

this is the case. The most we can do about the charge against *Bacillus pestiformis apis* is to bring in a verdict of non proven.

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

TITS COVERING THEIR EGGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am writing to inform you of a habit which I have noticed of the blue tits nesting in my garden and which I have not seen noted in bird books, though very likely it is quite well known. The tits nest in boxes made out of a section of a larch tree, hollowed, with a hole made in the side for the birds to go in and out, and a top which turns on a big nail so that we can look in on the nest. The birds never fail to avail themselves of these lodgings. The habit I speak of is to cover the eggs with feathers and hair and the ordinary material of the lining of the nest, when they leave it. I knew it was the habit of the dabchick, the partridge and some other birds to cover the eggs when they went away, but I presumed this was in order to conceal them. That can hardly be the object of the tit, which always nests in some hollow place in the dark. I do not think this can be a peculiarity of some specimens of the blue tit species only, for I have noticed the same thing happening with more than one nest.—H.

[The note is an interesting one, but is our correspondent quite sure that he has found the true explanation of the covering of the eggs? Birds do not invariably perform all their domestic arrangements in the cut and dried order in which we used to learn, when we were boys, that they performed them. As a rule, they finish the nest first and then begin egg-laying; but it is a rule that has many exceptions, and the blue tit's nesting habits afford an instance of it. We have again and again known this bird to continue its nest-making, and bring more and more materials, long after a good many of its very numerous eggs were laid. It is probable that this later-brought supply would often lie about for a while, on top of the eggs, before the parent had time to work it in under the eggs and into the texture of the nest's lining. As our correspondent says, it is not at all likely that a bird which builds in a hole should have developed the egg-covering habit for any protective use that it can be. It does not do to speak too confidently about a question of this kind, but we think it most probable that the explanation is as we have suggested.—Ed.]

A WEASEL'S DEALINGS WITH EGGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The other day I was walking by one of the ponds in the grounds of Gayton Hall, and on the opposite bank (where I knew there was a wild duck's nest with nine or ten eggs in it) I saw the quick flash of a brown animal among the grass. I took it at first for a squirrel, but the next view I got of it quickly dispelled that idea, for from behind the branch of broom which sheltered the duck's nest there ran a weasel or stoat carrying an egg in its mouth, and it disappeared into a rabbit-hole. Investigation showed that only three eggs and one empty shell were left. I have been told that it is very unusual for these animals to carry the egg away, and should be glad to know if this is so or not. While writing

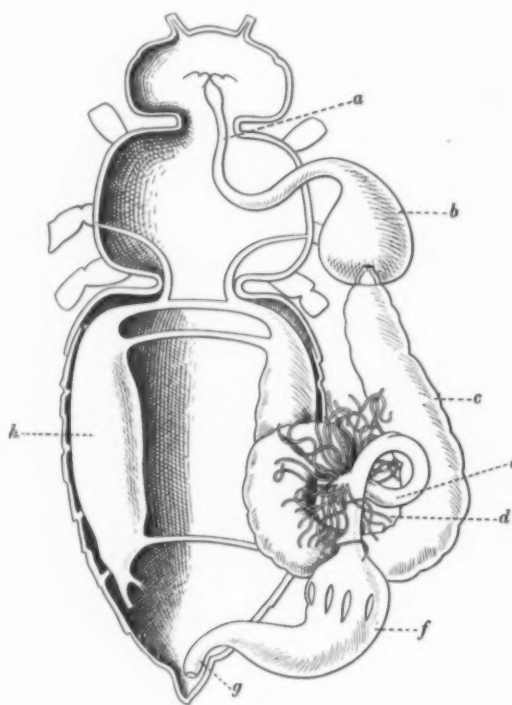


FIG. 3.

Diagram of the alimentary canal of a honey-bee. a, oesophagus; b, honey stomach; c, chyle stomach; d, malpighian tubules or appendices (they are far more numerous than is indicated here); e, small intestine; f, colon showing four rectal glands; g, rectum; h, large air-vesicles in the abdomen.—After Cowan.

this at a window I have been much amused at a poor young rook who has been "chivied" from tree to ground and back to tree by two very irate birds, a missel-thrush and a black-bird, and the peahen has joined in the fight.—E. C. T.

THE BOOT-CART IN NORMANDY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am enclosing herewith one of Mr. Meredith's amusing photographs taken in a little Norman town while the itinerant boot-vendor was making his round. There are no merchants of this kind left in England now, and it is difficult for one who has not seen it to imagine the commotion and excitement caused by the visit, the crowds that gather to buy boots and to discuss them, the youths and maidens who bring out their old shoes as a measure for the new. In fact, there is all the life and activity of a fair brought to the door of the inhabitants.—R. S.

SCORING IN TEAM MATCHES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I see that "H. G. H." has been discussing the much-vexed question of how the bye ought to be allowed for. May I draw his attention to another point about which there ought to be less difference of opinion, but which seems to me very often to be wrongly treated—I mean the result of a halved match. Most often I see that where a match is halved both sides are credited—or debited—with a score of zero. Surely this is absurd; each side ought really to be credited with a half, not with nothing. The zero method has the result that if eight teams play their eight matches, and all matches are halved, the total score of both sides is zero, although eight matches, each valued at one point, have been played to the last hole. It seems to me that the eight matches are worth eight points under all circumstances, and that if all are halved, each team has earned four points. Moreover, while mathematicians will admit that four is always equal to four, and that, therefore, if each side has scored four points honours must be easy, I do not think they will be prepared to admit that all zeros are equal. The two zeros may, I believe, conceal any amount of abstruse inequality! The case for the half instead of zero is still stronger in equity (I know there is no equity in golf, but no matter) where some matches are halved and some won, as usual. If, for instance, one match is won and seven are halved, the winning side is credited with one point to zero of the other side—the ratio of one to zero is infinity, which can hardly represent the ratio of merits! But on a rational system of scoring, one side would have two and a-half points (one match won and three halved) against one and a-half points (three matches halved) for the other. Under such circumstances the ratio of two and a-half to one and a-half, or five to three, may be taken quite reasonably as representing the merits of the teams. I hope those great authorities whose initials I recognise in your golfing pages may agree with me in this matter, and may use their influence to have things put straight.—ALEX. B. W. KENNEDY.

THE NEGLECTED LETTUCE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Considering the number of salads eaten daily and nightly at this time of the year and for months to come, it might seem unfair to dub the lettuce



A TRAVELLING BOOT SHOP.

as neglected. But such is, nevertheless, the case, because most housewives look upon it as purposed for a salad, and that alone, which is absurd. The lettuce is really the most adaptable of vegetables; moreover, it has a history which is not without honour. The Anglo-Saxons called the lettuce "Sleep-wort" because of its sedative qualities—it has something of opium in it—and Dr. King sings:

"The tender lettuce brings on softest sleep;

Whilst onions make e'en heirs and widows weep."

But, as an old authority says, it must be the crisp, succulent lettuce of the garden, not the tough, stringy growth of the field; between the two is the difference of silk from cotton. The tradition of the introduction of the lettuce into France is to the effect that it came with the Pope to Avignon. Another, no more reliable, is that Rabelais admired it mightily on his visit to Rome and brought it back with him to his native land. The latter certainly gives true tribute to it in more than one chapter, and believes it to be a sovereign specific for rheumatism and too much drink. One of its best uses is, and always has been, as a wholesome family soup. To make real lettuce soup, which is technically known as "Potage des Bénédictins," you should proceed thuswise. Mince *en chiffonade* the inner leaves and heart of a sound Cos lettuce, mix therewith a handful of chopped sorrel, another of spinach, the whites of two leeks and a good handful of parsley; cook the mixture with a walnut of butter and moisten it with sufficient water, slightly salted, to make soup for four. Just before boiling add the yolks of two eggs, a tablespoonful (or more) of cream,

and another walnut of butter; serve at once, pouring the soup over four table-spoonfuls of fried dice of bread. Stewed as a vegetable on the same lines as spinach, lettuce forms an excellent adjunct to mutton or lamb, and cooked in the whole leaf with young green peas it has a flavour and succulence peculiarly its own. The learned Dr. Chambers said years ago: "Lettuces are increasingly consumed nowadays by the working-man with his tea, a habit worthy of all encouragement. But the said working-man must be admonished how important it is that the material of his meal should be washed." This is very true, because the soft, tempting green of the luscious plant often conceals snails, slugs and worms, which, even if edible (which is doubtful), are certainly not good, uncooked. An old salad apothegm reads: "First wash your salad." This is wrong. In making a salad the apothegm should read: "First wash your hands, then your salad."—FRANK SCHLOSSER.

A FIRE FOR THE CORONATION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I send a photograph of a beacon on a hill some two and a-half miles from Whitby which was lighted at the Coronation of King Edward VII. in 1902. Whether this beacon is one of the long chain of such signals which ran from Cornwall to the Cheviots, of which we read, that aroused the country in the time of the Armada, or whether it is one of those which were put up all over the British Isles at the beginning of the last century, when the Bonaparte scare was on, I have not been able to find out. Most probably it is of ancient origin.—FRANK M. SUTCLIFFE.



A BEACON NEAR WHITBY.

THE DANCING BEAR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending you herewith a photograph by Mr. Reid of Wishaw. It shows us an old friend who was once far more familiar on the road than he is to-day. In my childhood, although living in a most remote part of the country, the appearance of a dancing bear and his attendant was a common happening. To-day, the bear appears to have lost his popularity. In sending this photograph, Mr. Reid informs me that the bear is a brown one. Last year he met with a family of Servians who had two bears, the one shown and a four-year old "grizzly." The animals were both very tractable, but were difficult to photograph owing to their continual swaying. The bear is not yet in the position of the last minstrel, but before he disappears altogether from our lanes and high-roads and villages I thought you might like to show this photograph of him.—Q.

'HUMANE SLAUGHTER OF ANIMALS.'

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In regard to the note under the heading "Humane Slaughter of Animals," in your issue of the 20th ult., will you allow me to correct what I believe to be an error? The London County Council never had one thousand five hundred private slaughter-houses within their jurisdiction. This body was formed in 1888, and then only seven hundred and thirty-two existed. Since that date four hundred and eight-nine have been abolished, many of them voluntarily. As regards the formation of public abattoirs tending to make the butcher patronise the foreign dead meat market in preference to buying from the English farmer, in 1908 Dr. A. Mearns Fraser, Medical Officer of Health for Portsmouth, drew up a report for his Health Committee. He applied to the Medical Officers of Health of a large number of towns and cities in the kingdom where public abattoirs have been established. In answer to the question, "Has the establishment of a municipal abattoir had the effect of encouraging the sale of foreign in preference to English meat?" twenty-seven of these gentlemen answered "No," one stated that they are actually detrimental to the sale of foreign meat, one had no reason to believe so and two could not say. Regarding the Islington abattoirs being very little used, there are many reasons for this, which are, however, too long to discuss in this letter.—R. STEPHEN AYLING, F.R.I.B.A. (Architect to the Model Abattoir Society).

SPARROWS AND BLACKBIRDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Sparrows and blackbirds are sinners in the garden, but to the blackbirds much should be forgiven, for the sake of their rich, sweet little song. However, pecking the flowers is hardly a sin; they never attack a really healthy one, and it is for the tiny flies that are on them—sometimes wee slugs—that they peck away to get them and spoil the flowers. On one side of my garden the oxlips and polyanthus get too much sun; they flag, and the tiny insects are all about them and they are often torn to pieces. On the other side of the garden, where there is more air and less sun, the same kind of flowers are never touched. The birds never tear the primroses in the woods or on hedge-banks, or in shady parts of a churchyard, but on a grave in hot sun I have seen beautiful primroses with every head picked off and laid round. I had a curious experience last year when the raspberries were in blossom. I found them covered with queen wasps, some unusually large; there they were, buzzing and crawling about like bees.



THE DANCING BEAR OFF DUTY.

I caught many in bottles, but many were left, and many were there each day till the blossom had gone. I never had such a splendid crop of raspberries before. Another curious thing was that I heard of no nests last summer about here. I did not see a single ordinary wasp, there was none in the plum orchard, none among the apples and pears. What can have become of these many queens? I wonder if any of your readers have had a similar experience. This year my raspberries are not yet in blossom, nor have I seen a queen wasp.—M. E. MURRAY.

AN "EGGLET."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

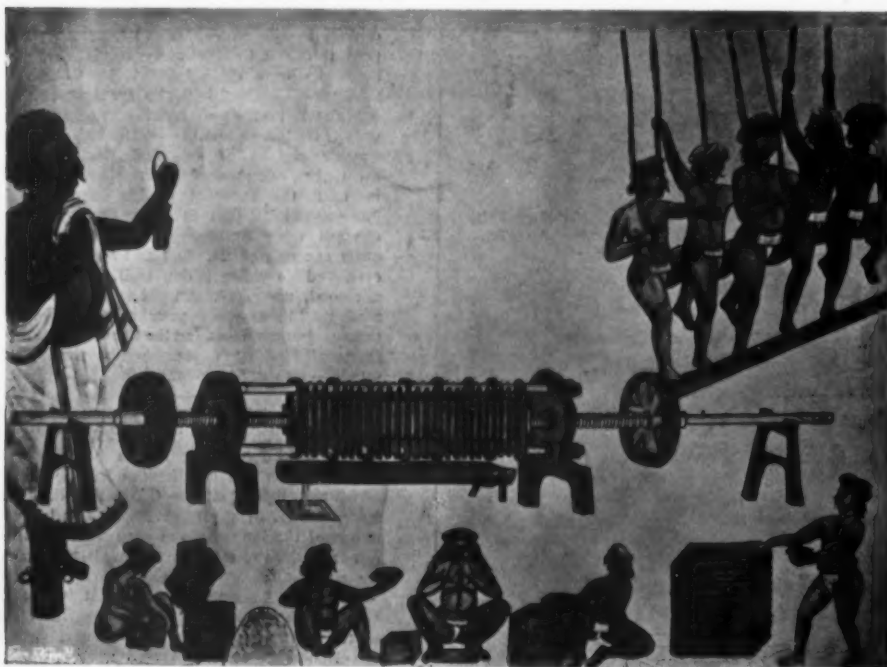
SIR,—I have been reading lately of various substances having been found in eggs. Singularly enough, while eating an egg this morning I found embedded in the white thereof the enclosed substance, having all the appearance of a pea, and thinking it might be of interest to you, I am forwarding it to you. What can it be? I may add that I have shown it to a doctor, who said he had never seen such a thing before, though the occurrence of a hard substance in the egg was quite possible.—B. B.

[This is an "egglet"; a yolk which has ruptured the capsule before its time and slipped into the oviduct and somehow got enclosed in another egg. In the same way it is not at all uncommon to find a small and comparatively perfect egg with shell inside another. They are often sent to us as curiosities. The rupture might be caused by a sudden fright—a dog might have rushed at the hen, or something of the sort.—ED.]

INDIAN NATIVE OIL PRESS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose photograph illustrating the native system of working a press for the extraction of castor and other oil, which may be of interest to your readers. The photograph is taken from a coloured picture by a native blacksmith of Bangalore, Mysore State. The drawing is somewhat quaintly done, but the details are, as a whole, correct. The figure on the left side represents a merchant examining a sample of oil, and his importance in comparison with the other figures is indicated by his large size. I am indebted to Mr. C. S. Watson, late of Madras, for the following description of the process: The seed, after being dried and crushed into a fine powder, is measured out into small portions. Each portion, weighing about two and a-half pounds, is folded up in a piece of "gunny" or bagging, and pressed into a wooden mould. The packages are then taken from the moulds and beaten into flat cakes by means of wooden beaters. The cakes are then placed between the iron plates of the press. The screw at one end of the press is then turned by three or four men pulling down a wooden lever placed alternately in holes in the head-piece of the screw. The pressure causes the oil to flow from the seed through the bagging, and it is collected in a tank below the press. After considerable pressure has been brought to bear, the screw at the other end of the press is turned in the same way, and as the pressure increases and the work becomes harder, more men are employed, until finally, instead of pulling on the lever, the men crawl up it by means of ropes hung from the roof and jump on the lever, so as to give additional power. Before the press is worked, a wood fire is arranged so as to heat slightly the plates and seed, and thus cause the oil to flow more freely. After the oil is extracted, the "Poonac," or residue, is removed, and is, in some cases, when mixed with bone-dust, utilised for manure on coffee estates. The men work in three shifts of eight hours each, the press working day and night. It is interesting to compare the above method with the European system of hydraulic presses, whereby a much larger output of oil is obtained with less labour and in a shorter time.—H. W. BURNUP.



MAKERS OF CASTOR OIL.

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